

Early winter  
oil squeeze

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 17, 1979

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## BAD NEWS BEARER

FINANCE MINISTER JOHN CROSBIE





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## CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

DECEMBER 17, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 51

### An arctic muse

From the unlikely setting of rural Quebec, classical writer John Glasco composes high-brow pornography and allures such titles as "our only poetess."

Page 44

Assured grip

Despite the ideological bias which permeates much of Eastern Europe, Czechoslovakia continues to be manipulated by the U.S.S.R. its residents suppressed even more. **Page 2**

Page 28

## COVER STORY

### Bad News, Bearer

There are tough times and tough decisions," observed John Crossie recently. "But we can't shrink from making them." After what Newfoundlanders call a tap on the shoulder—last January the finance minister was forced to make his own tough decision: run for the premiership of Newfoundland or ride it out with Joe Clark. Spithamers say he has got less than 10 years as he comes bearing his bad news burden. **Photo by**

Page 728

### Meet and greet

Tired of being typecast as a wounded lion? Yvette Nizman has set out on a quest for dramatic roles — a search that she hopes will yield an important American film. **Page 36**

Page 34

### Homogeneous Isotropy

Boone McEntire and Jacob Two-Two have become home-grown literary heroes as Canada's children's book publishing industry experiences a renaissance. **Page 4**

Page 46

## CONTENTS

<b>Editorial</b>	1
<b>Backstage/Offers</b>	1
<b>Forum</b>	1
<b>Remembering about herpetos with Harry Boyle</b>	1
<b>Follow-up</b>	1
<b>Action in the wake of the Red River flood</b>	1
<b>Profile</b>	1
<b>John Glesscoe's search for his goddess</b>	1
<b>Letters</b>	1
<b>Canada</b>	1
<b>The man behind the budget: Tony...</b>	1

People	24
World	38
The Dutch drop a bombshell on NATO Czechoslovakia's assignment: Portugal takes a sharp left night. South Korea steps cautiously toward democracy	
U.S.A.	31
Tennis greats and the shut nasty pro about the Supreme Court	

## Secret

Philly's Flyers: bulls no more: new star on women's ice team: baseball meetings	
<b>Business</b> .....	38
Early wins of squeeze: New Scotia's leaping over: McCain bill, Stanley: Garden saga	
<b>Health</b> .....	39
<b>Environment</b> .....	40
The political problem of destroying PCBs	
<b>Films</b> .....	43
<b>Law</b> .....	50
Allen Fox: Hamilton/Columbo	55

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## Rumblings from the right

By Jane O'Hara

As a sharp political survival strategy, most politicians have the coming to nicks but even when the son of a gun shows, but for the federal Tories last week's Gallup poll (see page 19) was like a good-news, bad-news jolt—witness the good news. And if perfectly many Conservatives are the target of the poll—treating it as little more than a political Rorschach test—privately the grumbling had begun. Nowhere were voices being lowered in dissent more acutely than in the right wing of the party—the faction that last week took steps to see the 1993 election laws tightened up and introduced a motion for the reinstatement of capital punishment.

There is some good reason for their dissatisfaction. Since Prime Minister Joe Clark formed his moderate-minded inner cabinet (with the exception of Elsie Turkel-Schurich "Shush" Stevens and Senator Robert de Cotret), the old-guard hard-liners and the neo-Con free enterprise have felt neglected, but by and large remained silent. Still, for members of a party with just two months of parliamentary governing under its belt, a hear of a budget in its back pocket and a precarious grip on power, the Gallup results could only confirm their belief that the party was on the wrong ideological track. In the words of Mr. Pat Newton (Armstrong Valley-Huron), "The cabinet is not representative of the party." As for the possible implications, one Tory aide admitted: "We've tried to keep this lid on the can for some time, but the Gallups may just blow it off."

In time, of course, this could prove troublesome for Clark, the man who in 1978 took over an party leader and introduced himself to a divided caucus with the words: "I don't think I have many friends in this room." He was right. Since then, however, one of his major successes has been to keep tight party discipline. And apart from a couple of October outbursts—when former De facto cabinet minister Alvin Hamilton objected to the government's high interest rate policy and when Mr. Justice-1987 Bob Cullen condemned the Petrocan policy—the party has not publicly broken rank. As some MPs are aware, however, the November Gallup poll just might be the beginning of the bad news. "Wait until the budget and the energy price-

ing agreement hit the consumer. Then it'll be hell to pay them."

Should the inner grumbles turn into major ones, Clark is likely to get trouble from all sides—particularly those that depend on the party for re-election—but the right wingers to watch are Mrs. such as John Gansle (Clark North), Dr. Paul Yewchuk (Albion) and Don Blomquist (Ottawa). Gansle, for example, recently demonstrated himself during question period with a McCarthyist accusation of Secretary of State and Red Tory David MacDonald. Gansle wanted to know why a former card-carrying member of the Conservative party was working in the CRTC. "Righty per cent of my constituents want capital punishment and 88 per cent want to see legislation preventing strikes—essential services of the public service," he told MacDonald. "The Gallups weren't surprising. I think it would be interesting to have some of my news represented in cabinet."

Yewchuk, who earlier in the session loudly thundered his nose at the government when he failed to show for two non-confidence votes, could prove to be another thorn in the side of Clark's collegial caucus calm. Intent on putting more serious input into cabinet decision-making, Yewchuk has proposed, for the Tories' reform-of-Parliament package, the concept of a free vote on all bills. "As it stands now, the caucus gets proposals laid down in front of them and we're supposed to act like trained seals. A free vote would not only make for a better democratic system, it would also make the government listen more carefully to the caucus instead of their ministers."

Blomquist, who raved Clark's sin by clanking on his Jerusalem embassy move policy before it was fashionable and by stirring up trouble in Indian Affairs when he told Indians "to get off their ass," does not mince words about the vicissitudes of the administration. He blames the Tories' trouble on ministerial inexperience in running departments, but seldom on top of government policy and "muck" who are linking information on decision-making. Of course, the bottom line for Blomquist, as for many of the older winged Tories, is forthrightness in the face of election. "I had a pretty good majority last time," he says. "But it was expensive pretty quick."



Blomquist "has to be supposed to act like a trained seal"

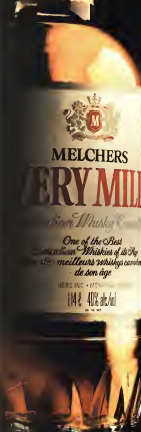
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## in praise of praising heroes

By Harry J. Boyle

Every country needs heroes. I grew up devouring stories of the French and English explorers Champlain and LaSalle, and it was easy to imagine his fingers as paws. My grandfather would travel with me and hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier. My great-aunt stretched her acquaintance with Sir John A. into a family legend. I idolized a cousin who flew with Billy Bishop in France.

That was a time when a hero was criticized for not being a nihilist. Today it's the other way around. We're taught as heroes. Elders make private fortunes exhibiting the human frailties of heroes such as Roosevelt and Churchill. They carefully ignore the context within which ordinary men rise to be heroes.

I suggest we treat our heroes in our society. Give them honor. Add to that an appreciation for the old-fashioned virtues of leaders who aren't afraid to be patriotic. We could start leaders in Canada today acting with courage. I don't mind if they inspire to being remembered in history, but they must stop this current rage of acting like "cannon men" in perpetual search for something called a consensus. The main thing is that they must be able to rally Canadians to tackle current problems. That means averting the defeatism so prevalent at the moment. We have problems that are going to be solved in those that plague most of the countries of the world.

Others, politicians are capitalizing on a problem rather than solving them. The Liberals hope around trying to console themselves that their defeat was a mistake. The Tories apparently think they can be elected to power if the public abandons all hope. The Tories act as if they had just taken command of an enemy and are determined to punish the brain and belittle the body before they do anything about the cause. Somehow they forget that Canadians have battled drought, depression and war. What about J.B. Woodworth leading his CCF movement and providing responsible governments to legislate for the less fortunate? Father Tompkins of Antigonish spared thousands in North America to co-operative self-sufficiency.

This has been a hard country to conquer. Our ancestors did manage the job, however, and they made an effort. Think of Sir John A. MacDonald fighting to unite the country while battling British indifference and the casualness of America toward our sovereignty.

What have we got to be disappointed about? Take the morning and squabbling over energy. Not a single politician has spelled out the situation in a believable way. One day we're going to freeze in the dark. The next day we hear there's a surplus that can't be exported to the United States. The public is labelled as being non-conservative - minded, even so the facts and the provincial rabble wrangle over how to solve

up the additional revenue from increased prices.

We're awash in food while most of the world is plagued by hunger and starvation. Every year we hear about the inadequate delivery system while precious grain rots on western fields. And as to prostitution, you can imagine attracting sympathy in a hungry world because of the day-high prices of imported and exotic foods in supermarkets.

We seem to have forgotten that most of our ancestors were refugees. Most came in boats that were not much sturdier than those of the refugees floating now in the South China Sea. How could I explain to great-grandchildren our current "problems"? Shortage of gasoline for a winter vacation in Florida would seem trifling to men and women who endured storage in stinking holes for weeks on the Atlantic, just to get here.

They were heroes. Their letters home were full of hope for the country. They celebrated their freedom in spite of sacrifices. For a brief period during Expo 67 and Centennial year we did the same. Then we allowed ourselves to be shamed up because politicians said our enemies might perceive the federal cause in Quebec. They did the shaming even to their beloved English-speaking Canada for being without a cultural identity.

Apart from expensive scenery whipped up on Canada Day in recent years to compete with St. Jean Baptiste Day, we have lacked for patriotic appeal. The only rallying point was in the celebration requested to us by John H. Macdonald in the form of his famous speech. The only rallying point was in the celebration requested to us by John H. Macdonald in the form of his famous speech. The only rallying point was in the celebration requested to us by John H. Macdonald in the form of his famous speech.

We need more of those sentiments and fewer expressions that bring pro-Canadian to anti-American. The United States is a good neighbor that never forgets self-interest. We need celebration of the Canadian fact, some joy in what we have and pride in the men and women who are truly heroes. Why can't we have holidays commemorating Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier?

We're a country of rich natural resources. Our problems is that the growing natural resources of them are missing for Canada remains virtually untapped. Whoever touches it now and uses it positively will deserve to be called a hero. Let's hope it happens soon.

Former chairman of the CBC, Harry J. Boyle is the author of eight books, including *The Great Canadian Year*.



"The Chief was proud to be a Canadian and unafraid to say so."

## Next time, they're dam sure to beat it

Last May, when the swollen Red River burst its banks and flooded more than 1,300 farms, sending 5,000 Manitobans fleeing before it, many were that an inundation like that must never happen again. Though memories are notoriously short once immediate danger is past—political pledges often evaporating as quickly as

in Red River Drive and adjoining Turnbull Drive, close to the gates of the Red River Floodway, which protect Winnipeg by diverting water around the city. Last spring it cost more than \$250,000 to sandbag 28 homes on the two streets. There was strong pressure on the government to expedite the houses at a cost of \$5 million, but it has decided



the water—the Flood of '79 in price but far from forgotten. "This flood has really produced action and determination," says Elwood Rele, 69, the rubber-faced chairman of the Manitoba Flood Disaster Assistance Board.

Rele is a flood veteran, having shared assistance boards to help flood victims in 1966, 1968, 1974 and 1975. Since May he and his staff of inspectors and accountants have processed more than 3,000 claims for direct compensation, paying out well over \$5 million. The flood flood cost may exceed \$30 million, according to Manitoba Finance Minister Donald Cusk.

Part of the bill—about \$5.5 million—will be spent on a flood damage reduction program, which has now received more than 800 applications. The program provides 70 per cent of costs up to \$10,000 to allow Red River Valley residents to raise and move homes, farm buildings and grain storage bins. It also provides financial assistance for drying and for the transportation of horses in areas severely flood-prone. One of these

flooded-out farmhouse, not sitting back waiting for others to do all the work.

invited to subsidize the building this fall of a three-quarter-million dollar cutting \$407,000. Says Rele: "Those who have dried already are looking forward to spring for the first time without fear. Their quality of life is immeasurably improved. Besides the physical damage a flood causes, the stress and psychological cost is enormous."

South of Winnipeg, at the ring-diked towns of Morris and St. John Baptiste, which last spring resembled muddy islands in a prairie sea, earth-moving machines and men have worked steadily, building the dikes three feet higher than the 1976 flood level. Highway 26, leading out of Morris, has also been raised. "In any future flood we'll at least have an evacuation route over land," says Dan Leht, a member of the Morris public works committee. "Last spring the only way out was by boat and plane."

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grass, and in tune with a Manitoba political climate which frowns on hand-outs, the new program insists on the individual making some financial commitment. "I doubt that we pay more than 40 per cent of the real costs to flood victims when you consider their lost wages and the time they've put in," says Boie. "Considering what they've been through, they've been very co-operative and honest, not sitting back waiting for others to do all the work."

Some have been more honest than others and, despite the obvious tragedies, Boie and staff have had their lighter moments as they waded through compensation claims. One man, whose children were evacuated to their grandparents during the flood, billed the board for their living expenses. "We checked with the grandfather and he was dead as hell," says Boie. "He told us there was no damned way he'd charged a cent for having his grandchildren stay there. Our inspectors are pretty expert at sniffing out questionable claims." Though the direct claims are now down to a handful, Boie's board will stay in business till December, 1990.

Some believe that diuing, and raising or saving houses won't, in itself, solve the long-term problem. "You must remember," says Ralph Hoffmeyer, mayor of Emerson on the Manitoba-US border, "that the Red River is about 600 miles long, with two-thirds of it in the United States. Diking is fine, but it just means you pass the water on and flood your neighbors downstream. What we need is joint control and possibly a flood plain. A lot of red tape is involved with any joint authority, but I hope we can get it established before the next flood." Peter Corby-Gordon

Phyllis Heintzsch and drowned ferns during 1997's flood. Looking forward to spring.



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Glasco, exercises in aphrodisiac romance

the unlikeliest ones, Glasco is Canadian, but for Polk he always belongs elsewhere: on a beach at Cannes, no later than 1961, an on-screen-once leered with a silk cravat, drawing cigarettes from a silver case and darning his companions with conversation while sipping, if not a martini, at least white wine.

But on that rainy day in the village of Fuster, where Glasco's novellas, his world, later seemed somehow better suited to the subject of the moment: a book he had just translated in which a hunter, in the backwoods of Quebec, has a relationship with nature that is permeated with sexual electricity and tension. The book is Jean-Yves Sorely's *Créatures of the Chase* (published recently by McClelland and Stewart), and the sexual images are pure Glasco. Sorely calls nature an "all-powerful mistress," and although Glasco himself would look as an old glass in the backwoods of Quebec as a thing was in a fish market, his own fiction has sensuously hunted the same mistress. For Glasco, the pursuit of this goddess has drifted, always with elegance and often with sensuality, through a life of erotic adventures, feast and nightmare for most of his 70 years. "I've always had them," he says. "The fear of women, the fear of poverty and, of course, the fear of death."

However, Glasco, now described as the last of the literary dynasties, has pursued them, as he has his life, in a way that suggests that purely for his own pleasure he's out to create his very own, one-man, on-Canadian belle époque, as *épique* paradoxically underwritten by time. (His is an edition of the 1980s: living in Canada in the 1970s," says Louis Dudek, a poet, critic and professor of English at McGill University.) Over the years, poem by poem, Glasco has added the elements: belated, minimalist, enigmatic, critical, and so on, and so on. He's now working on a full-length novel because "that's one of the few disciplines I haven't undertaken."

The result has been a body of work as diverse and sometimes perverse as that. CanLit doesn't quite have a half-ferrit. "He's our only eccentric," says John Robert Colombo, poet, bibliographer and collector of anything available. "He's revered as an artist, but he's as unlearned artist, and one of the problems is that he's lived in Canada. A literary tradition is a large house in the Eastern Townships (near where he now lives) with Glasco Taylor and a beautiful young woman who had answered their advertisement for a housekeeper. Although Taylor eventually married her, the locals called on the Betty Harwood (she was called Betty Harwood) and a friendship for him was much of a tradition in my eyes."

It was purely in search of a free liter-

ary tradition and the remnants of a belle époque that Glasco went to Paris at the age of 18 and began writing his manuscripts, *Memoirs of Montparnasse*. Although he was the Governor-General's Award for best French fiction in 1971, *Memoirs* is the work that will enthrall him, says Colombo. "It's one of the two books that never got the award and should have. The other was *The Stone Angel* [by Margaret Laurence]. It was just regarded as a crying shame that he didn't receive it."

Next spring, with an expected budget of \$2 to \$4 million, Regal-Persephone Productions of Montreal hopes to begin filming Glasco's novelette account of the three years he spent in Paris with what Gertrude Stein called the Lost Generation. Although he had barely started shooting when he reached Paris in 1928, he began writing the memoirs almost immediately. And perhaps because of that, Leon Edel, the Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer of Henry James and author of *Bloomer's A House of Love*, calls *Memoirs of Montparnasse* the most vivid and immediate of the many accounts of that "beautiful fool's paradise" which ended with the Depression.

For Glasco it was three hedonistic years spent in decadent defiance of a sadistic father who thought him a fool for wanting to be a writer. Besides encounters with Stein (when he refused to pay obedience to her and was consequently ordered to leave one of her parties), James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway and Marley Callaghan (who introduced Glasco and his friend Greene Taylor to his short story *Now That April's Here*), Glasco fled his days with endless drinking, an almost monochromatic affair with an American nymphomaniac, employment as a sophisticated stud in a male brothel for bored and wealthy women, as a model for paragraph posters and as a live-in secretary. Typing the doubtful memoirs of a mad English baron who wanted to be known by the world as Her Highness the Dying Mad of Sarawak. He finished the book in a Montreal hospital in 1933 where he nearly died of tuberculosis, but it was not published until 1976.

After leaving hospital, Glasco settled in a large house in the Eastern Townships (near where he now lives) with Greene Taylor and a beautiful young woman who had answered their advertisement for a housekeeper. Although Taylor eventually married her, the locals called on the Betty Harwood (she was called Betty Harwood) and a friendship for him was much of a tradition in my eyes."

Now of Glasco's protagonists ever holds a job, and like them, Glasco has never considered himself out of

one, despite his fear of poverty. In the '30s he set out mastering the stock market, using a small inheritance from his grandparents. "I hated it but now I'm all fixed up," he says. Except for several years as a small publisher and a term as mayor of Fuster, Glasco has confined himself to writing.

While up to his ears in reports from investment consulting services, he decided to write books utterly divorced from reality, where nothing happened, much in the style of the "so-called French Decadents." The result was three novellas written over a period of 30 years and published in 1974 under the title *The Fatal Women* to favorable review.

Like *Memoirs of Montparnasse*, the novellas (*The Black Helix*, *The Fatal Duet* of *Electra* and the satirical *Last in Archel*) had been all but forgotten since Glasco, but for a different reason. Canada wasn't ready for them. Says John Polk, his editor at *House of Anansi*, "He had some two of them second to editors years before and they were shocked....appalled. They were saying, 'In Canada we do not do these things—or even think these things.'" Polk adds: "They're not obscene at all."

Glasco describes these reworkings of classical myths as long erotic reveries in which he tries (and fails, he says) to unravel an obsession that began to take form at the age of 9 or 6: the idea of woman as god goddess, to be worshipped, the "fatal woman" of the title. "I believed the mysteries were all contained in her, but all I see now in the obsession, the fascination with a woman who was neither a goddess nor particularly fascinating."

In 1940 writing the pseudonym Miles Underwood, Glasco wrote a book called *The English Governess*, which is printed verbatim has been published in several languages. Written in mock Victorian prose, it was his "first exercise in the kind of explicit sexual language" he says no work has given him more pleasure to write. Chapter after chapter, a beautiful governess speaks, stings, caresses, flirts and humiliates her young charge before eventually marrying him. When *The English Governess* finally appeared in Canada in 1981 under the title *Harriet Marwood*, Greenberg and under Glasco's own name, Robert Pallard, editor of *Saturday Night*, wrote that while he thought the book was awful, "It's delightful to think of one of our distinguished older poets writing this sort of thing."

However there's more to the idea of a small and merciless goddess than simply a white for man. Glasco's

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## In the embrace of an erotic muse

By Wayne Clark

"The art which endures the whole of life, reproduces its rhythms, constructs great myths and passes them on to posterity, all that simply lives are... I have never asked anything of literature but materials for another world which I can assemble myself"—from *The Black Helix* by John Glasco

On an afternoon when seemingly all of Quebec's Eastern Townships were lying abandoned and primordial under the kind of men best left to literature, John Glasco poured a beer. He was about the best several days later, Jan. Polk, a friend of Glasco's and an editor at Toronto's House of Anansi Press, mused: "God, he's becoming Canadian." Although certainly one of

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known, it all along despite Canadian publishers, and it now seems that he was well ahead of his time, or at least Canadian time. Writing in the *Toronto Globe and Mail* in a weekly column called "Between the Sheets," M. T. Kelly, author of *I Do Remind the Fall*, said "The obscenity, or spirit, Glasco talks about seems to be increasing by leaps and bounds, in fact one wonders if it isn't entering out of control." As it is not, Kelly suspects, is a desire for



Glasco: a desire for obscenity with a flourish that seems foreign and strange.

unity, for coarseness with another creature that all too often seems foreign and strange. "The perspective Glasco takes has nothing to do with real cruelty, as either side."

Glasco's pornography work has been at times wide-ranging and scholarly, as it has been erotic. It includes the completion of Aubrey Beardsley's novel *Under the Hat*, a translation from the original German of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs* and his own *Fetish Girl* (written under the name Sylvia Bayer). His pornography is not at all of the "orthodox school of masturbation," says poet Frank Scott. "It's as well written as his poetry and he's an excellent poet. He's a virtuoso in everything he does."

As a poet, Glasco—with his tropical dreamings for time and fashion—long ago turned his back on the surrealism he had experimented with during the Paris years. He turned back to the certainties of "Wordsworth's emotions and techniques. To me he's the greatest English poet since Shakespeare."

His poetry, which later came under

the heavy influence of W. H. Auden, isn't written "in the most advanced style," says Frank Scott, "but it has a lasting quality and I think it will be read for a very long time." Glasco's verse includes *A Piece of Sky and The Defect Made Flesh*, the two volumes from which his award-winning Selected Poems were drawn, and the 680-line epic *Metemorphosis*. "It's almost all entirely lyrical," says Glasco, before adding with a laugh, "and gloomy."

It was Scott, a respected translator himself, who encouraged Glasco to start translating poetry as well as writing it. Glasco began in 1980 with *The Journal of Quebec poet Saint-Denis Garneau*, followed by *The Poetry of French Canada in Translation*, published in 1979, a project that took him five years.

It was a work that Glasco turned himself in following the death of his first wife, Elma, a former ballerina and daughter of an Estonian baron. "I didn't do a great deal," he says of the seven years in which he watched her go mad and eventually die in a mental hospital. "Perhaps it was her madness that drove me to her."

At one point on that rainy day in Paris, Glasco said the fatal women so long-obsessed him, a "poised quirkily" shortly after Elma's death. Later, however, after explaining that the novel he's writing is, like much of his work, about the absolute power of one person over another, he smiled and repeated the story to his wife. "Of course it still comes back occasionally. When you are that kind of woman on the street you can't help but see, wouldn't she make a marvelous sort of goddess?"

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## This Canada



## The lines are loaded in the place with three names

By John Flansbury

**F**ifteen miles west of Charlottetown is a tiny village of more 25 families that languish under three names. On the official Prince Edward Island map it's Tyrona, although to many islanders it's Let 45, a legacy from the days of absentee landlords. But the denizens themselves call it Engvalde. (The original Engvalde exists in the Republic of Ireland, and it was home to many Irish Catholics who resented in P.E.I. during the potato famine.) However, the name is not the only confusing, redundant facet of the community. The telephone system in Engvalde might be termed the revenge of the Luddites, for its technical complications are so labyrinthine and the difficulties in getting an open line so frustrating that many people find it easier and cheaper to drive over to a friend's house than to try

to telephone. It can cost as much to phone out of Engvalde as it does to phone Halifax or New England.

The Luddites, who were about smashing machinery in 19th-century England, could doubtless find a message of consolation in the tangled wires of Engvalde. But although the community's anguished difficulties are rooted in a history of misfortune, the message is less a condemnation of technology than of the piecemeal installation of that technology.

When the refugees from the potato famine arrived on the island, they discovered harder winters, good soil, beautiful timber, and that most of the accessible agricultural land had been claimed already. Until just recently the governments of modern society—things such as pavement, power lines and telephone wires—convinced the killy terrace of this Irish settlement in

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force of the better-off Protestant area to the north and south, leaving the community in relative isolation.

Bringing "the lights" into the district around 1960 was no easy or inexpensive task. At least three locomotives in a row had to serve to move their houses for electricity, before the lights would extend the lines without charge. Not everyone could see the promised benefits of this gadgetry, and as a result gaps were created in the hookup which forced subsequent subscribers to tie into the nearest existing pole. Even today power goes down into the community from separate substations, entering the area from different directions. Before the advent of the telephone, the on-off fluctuations of the incandescent bulbs of the various neighbors throughout the valley communicated much about their neuronal activities.

This communications-by-impedance soon gave way to the creeping tentacles of the telephone company, which made its entry into the community in a fashion as sudden as that of the first utility poles. Of the 27 telephone exchanges serving the island's population of 120,000, three of them operate in Enniscorthy. The separate phone exchanges of New Haven, Hunter River and Crapaud terminate at three adjacent boxes, each within sight of the other along the same stretch of road. But each must place a long-distance call to talk to either of the other two.

The technological complications are formidable. In the days of hand-crank phones, if the fellow on the Crapaud line wanted to place his number on the Hunter River line, three operators were brought into play. The caller called the Crapaud operator, who called the Charlottetown operator, who in turn had to call the Hunter River operator. That individual would plug into the number's telephone, provide the party line was not in use, and the conversation could begin—carried over 36 miles.

Three years have passed since the retirement of the hand-crank phone on the Crapaud line, and although there has been a bit of progress up to the south end, calls still travel the old roundabout route. Electronic signals now do the work of the operators, but that innovation has not made phoning much easier since the party lines have remained, with their own irritations—the "wagwag" who either hog the line or listen in.

Whenever subjects involving business, politics, religion or sex are to be discussed, prudence dictates that a verbal code be worked out beforehand lest your affairs become the talk of the town. And so, although it may be unbecomingly expensive and potentially ruinous to the reputation, technological sophistication has arrived at the end of the line.

## Letters

### Let's not get too optimistic

Though I agree with the drift of Anthony Watkinson's piece *A Nightmare in Search of a Dream* (Nov. 19) in the recent purchase of Reed Paper's Dryden mill by Great Lakes Forest Products, I'm a little uneasy about being goaded to saying that it's the ideal solution, that jobs are now secured and that the environmental problem is solved. I would only go so far as to say that the stage may now be set for some positive action on this long-standing issue. Let's see what they can do.

MAURICE HILL, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
WORLD WILDLIFE FUND-CANADA  
TORONTO

### The kill goes on

May I suggest that the anti-hunting tradition is a philosophy of luxury and intolerance generated by persons who do not hunt and who have no understanding of hunting and its efforts to game populations. This intolerance has the same motivation as racial and religious intolerance and is just as despicable. May the day come when people desist from condemnation of others because of what they do or what they are. May I also suggest that if you write an article on hunting again, you compare the game population of today with the game populations of 15 years ago. I believe that you will find

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers and mail correspondence to *Letters to the Editor*, Maclean's Magazine, 40 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A7.



Dryden mill just met the ideal solution

that the population of our migratory birds has increased since the 1980s.  
WILLIAM E. BAKER, CAMPELLFORD, ONT.

Most hunters kill because they enjoy it. But sometimes in the distant reaches of their hearts they feel guilty—otherwise, why all the excuses to justify it? Crops need to be saved? Animals often suffer from disease? Well, the latest record of cancer deserves a trophy. (No animals please!) Now eat the fresh air and fish, and oh yes, the drinks. Does anyone believe those happy hunters are becoming because they saved a crop—or the animal from eventually suffering? No, they are proud and happy holding up a limp quiver or lacking a mouse head under their arm. They feel like a conqueror here. What an ego trip. It's not only the game that is lame.

MAURICE HILL, WEFAN, ONT.

I hope that your article on the poorly

wildlife slaughter in Canada, *The Fall Kill* (Oct. 29), will open a few more minds to the generally unnecessary and brutal excesses some people feel compelled to commit. Unfortunately, this analysis of the kill will only reach the already converted.

DEBORA LITTLE, PRINCE GEORGE, BC

Every man who cuts meat is a predator, a fact the anti-hunting forces cannot or will not face. The real difference between the non-hunting meat eater and the hunter is that the former has his killing done far him, while the hunter is a do-it-yourselfer, a trait that is otherwise generally admired.

RONNY KRAMERSON, KENORA, ONT.

For those who enjoy the fresh air, companionship, exercise and challenge of hunting, may I suggest that they apply their skills to hunting with a camera. It provides all of the above benefits, can be done at any time of the year, requires no special license, does not offend conservationists, leaves no scraps or untrapped kills, does away with clearing, skinning and tagging problems, and provides graphic evidence of "the one that got away."

DAVID G. SMITH, HALIFAX

It will be interesting to see the kind of comments your article by Ray MacGregor will bring from the anti-hunters. More than likely they will be the typical noise makers condemning the sport on the basis of it being cruel and all the other inherent remarks these so-called nature lovers make. For people who don't hunt it is hard for them to comprehend nature fully. The hunter is the only one who can truthfully understand this process. For the hunter there is no such thing as an unsuccessful hunt. Just being in the bush is enough, for added enjoyment a hunter might see some

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genre, but the thrill of hunting is not in the killing of the animal.

BLAKE WYTHE, CHILLIWACK, B.C.

I love enjoy challenge, fresh air with my friends and the sights and sounds of the bush in autumn, but I've never needed a gun to help me appreciate it.

COLLEEN CROWING, BARNETON

#### This is a headline

Madame's, you're too cute for words. Witness three headlines from your Nov. 19 issue: *Wine in Her Own Words*, *Where Shall Death Be His King?*, *A Bang for Her Buckle*, *This Little Piglet Went to Market*. I feel that I double-sidestep, plays on words or clever banter notes have their place, but an overdone (even your readers' guinea). (Or should I say pigments?)

A.A. BOLTE, TORONTO

#### Cheap gas for the media

I must commend Peter C. Newman on his editorial advocating the introduction of gas rationing (*Way Gasoline Rationing*—and *Not Slip-Slip-Prevent*—*Can Save Our Province* Oct. 26). While we all realize that the price of gas has to rise, a large increase would cause

a lot of hardship to low- and fixed-income families, especially those who live in the country and depend on their cars for shopping, and such things as visits to the doctor. Perhaps it would be possible to issue coupons for a certain number of litres per week at a comparatively low price for what I call bread-and-butter driving and make those who wish to drive recreational vehicles (convertibles etc.) pay a larger price.

LEAH M. LARSEN, 130 MISSISSAUGA RD.

#### Just the facts, ma'am?

I have just finished reading your article concerning the government of Quebec's white paper in sovereignty-independence. I request help but be misquoted by the general tone of the article. In my opinion it was not at all objective and as such doesn't do much to ease the tensions between French- and English-speaking people of this country.

PIERRE DASH, QUEBEC CITY

The rather negative article on Quebec's white paper, *My Mad for French* (Nov. 12), left me quite frustrated. I would have preferred a more detailed report of the paper's contents and the reaction that it provoked amongst Quebecers instead of an over-personal opinion and comments on the sub-

ject. Give us the facts, then let us judge for ourselves.

ELIZABETH MURPHY, DE JOHN S. NYL

#### Test for test

After having read *Scandinavian* for Petros (Oct. 26), I am entirely convinced that the Tories are trying to adhere to the saying, "There's a sucker born every minute." To dismember Petros is, in my opinion, a hostile takeover. Canada needs a strong national oil company. The Conservatives are firing with the idea of selling out what's left of Canada down the river. The people of Canada must prevent this.

JOE LAMBERT, OTTAWA

#### Risk as a relative term

For Hoyt Whipple to cite some Sierra Club activists, *Quest for the Rubicon* (Nov. 1), as proof of man's need for risk-taking and then to equate those risks—drily shown—with the risks endangering all mankind in these days of nuclear power is, in my mind, absurd. "Not blind opposition to progress, but opposition to blind progress," booklet of the Sierra Club must surely become the watchword of all who care. Time is running out.

MAURICE MATTHEWS, CROMFORD ALTA

## Boating to beat the wind

To a small, select group of Canadian sportsmen, December is the cruellest month. It is the time when the air temperature drops appreciably, but too early for good and late for ice bear safety, so the going and waiting seems endless—especially in the Toronto area, where their pastime, ice boating, enjoys wide popularity. To creek sailors, who thought night knots on water was championship speed, ice boating is a discovery that's as strong as a drug and a sweet revenge on the fickle wind. "It's hard at first to believe you can go that fast," marvels John Marchant, a 30-year-old Toronto engineer and former Toronto-area sailor on the national team. "It's nothing to run as fast as the wind, on a tack, even the small 550-class ice boats go two or three

Price on Lake Ontario: "It's all a question of how much faster you've got



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“We’ve datted guys on snowmobiles who must have thought their 40 to 50 mph was really something until we came out of nowhere in a two-man Skelton, doing over 100,” grins Don Walton, a 34-year-old sales manager from Caledon East, Ontario. Walton is typical of ice boating’s rising elite, for he’s also skipper of the 1979 world-champion Shark-class sailboat.

But if sailors eager to preserve their nautical touch are the backbone of ice-boating, the modest but steady growth of the slower, noncompetitive ice-boating comes from other sources. “People get tired of queuing for ski jumps or going down in a snowmobile,” says Ian Odgers, a Brooklin, Ont., high-school teacher.

Like many ice boaters, Odgers built his own ice boat several years ago for well under \$1,000, but he was an unusually strong case of love at first sight. “I’d never even been out on an ice boat—the first time was in my own boat,” Odgers agrees that ice boating is an instant case of love or hate. “When you climb out after your first ride, you’re either hooked on ice boats for life or you never look back.” Maclean built a boat after his first ride and soon his wife, Pam—also a former member of the national Toronto-class sailing team—married as her own boat, dubbed the “Onionology.”

Despite the speed and apparent danger, which ice boaters insist isn’t as great as the hazards of skiing, it’s the older sailors who predominate. “Age doesn’t count,” explains Bruce Price of Scarborough, eyes-twinkling. “It’s all a question of how much snow you’ve got.” His boat is impressively Spartan: merely 12 feet long with a cockpit as wide as a human body, you literally wear it like a wooden sleeping bag as you sail on your back, muffled in snowmobile suit and motorcycle helmet.

Since ice boating isn’t widely organized in Canada, the number of boats in existence is a guess—though 500 to 1,000 is the usual estimate. The ride is a five- or six-mile run of “black ice”—smooth ice that is bare of snow (although snow also will be available for the boats this winter). But conditions change overnight, “so Friday night, the phone runs hot with news of the best spot for the weekend,” says Odgers. Distance doesn’t matter: Bay of Quinte, Hamilton Harbour, Georgian Bay—snow-covered even Lake St. Clair. The ice boaters pass their time on the car roof and race away, families in tow.

Nothing stops them. A few years back, Marchion “kissed” the retaining wall of Hamilton Harbour, badly knocking his leg in two places. “The lesson,” he chuckles, “is not to stick out your foot.” ♦

Canada

# The Bad News Bearer

By Roy MacGregor

*“Why Joe Clark’s got me as minister of Justice, I don’t know.” — John Crosbie*

It will be mild, and will not be particularly wrong, that this week’s budget is the product of a sick man. The truth begins at three o’clock in the morning in the master bedroom of a rickety St. John’s house. January 1979: John Crosbie is a scared, but left hand unconsciously examining what feels like the real, thick arm of a dead stranger. It is, he knows, his own arm. He would like to sit up, but his right leg has ignored the suggestion, for the leg also is lifeless. Perhaps the fluids are moving along, but right legs later there will be no more “perhaps”—something is dreadfully wrong there, as well. John Crosbie is days away from turning 48, according to the medical’s prediction, he should have been safe for another 30 years. He was too young to die, even for a Crosbie.

What followed in the next few days made the difference between the country having the usual Bay Street-colored finance minister, complete with buttoned-down lapels, and an autogenous, enigmatic character who looks—and sometimes acts—like an aging Fred Flintstone. The actual turning point took place a few days later in another city, in another bed. On doctor’s orders Crosbie was flown out of St. John’s to Toronto, and it was in the Toronto General Hospital that an angiogram discovered blockage in the left coronary artery leading to Crosbie’s brain. He handed out Newfoundlanders call “to tag on the shoulder,” a stroke warning, and it was his first of two trips face laid in store for John Crosbie. Reduced, as he now says, to “a governing lack of joy,” Crosbie was resting in his hospital bed when the phone rang with the news that Newfoundland Premier Frank Moores was stopping down. This was precisely what the driven John Crosbie had long dreamed of and, it not being a luxury trip to lack confidence, he believed the government was his for the taking. The long moment he considered leaving his Commons seat in Joe Clark’s Opposition in Ottawa, hardly fit to let another



Crosbie with his men at Philip Harbour (top), going over budget with deputy Grant Rauler, measured his hand in this snap.

challenge. But then, for the first time in his life, he considered the rest. Death had just winked at him, after all, this was hardly a time for gambling. Better, he decided in the end, to wait and see what the year had in store for Joe Clark and Joe Clark for him.

A half-mile above New Brunswick’s Antigonish Peninsula the new finance minister sits surrounded by glass, his charted Bill Long Ranger helicopter desperately

raising a full storm to Arnold’s Cove. His pilot looks north toward Trinity Bay where clouds the color and apparent texture of granite are gathering in ambush. The wind swirls about, itself nearly tracked by the line of bristling water that runs toward the helicopter. As the ice in the rear seat crosses himself, but John Crosbie barely notices. He sits on the cockpit’s seat, feet and rubber pants covered in newspapers, the national section spread flat in front of him to block out the disturbing view to the north and permit whatever progress

John Crosbie has to go off on other errands, it is late October and inflation has hit nine per cent, another interest rate is predicted and the federal finance minister himself is an headline warning that there is “only so much magic available.” Little wonder he ignores the storm. Compared to the climate he now faces in, it’s nothing.

Crosbie folds the paper and closes his eyes, resting it in past noon and he has got to eat. A foolish lie, for these days that is cracked. Scrupulous there, as well as the four daily Anglican, and fresh blood will continue to flow from his heart up through the shabbers and into his

brain. And when John Crosbie has been here for a while, in the late 1980s when he ran two old people in a buggie off the road so he could be a political minister. He has fought, and fought to win, since he was 17 and sat listening to an illegal tap on the Newfoundland telephone system, the hope being that he might discover how the pro-Confederationists were getting the money for their campaign. He has never forgotten March 31, 1949, the day Newfoundland joined the rest of Canada, and how the residents at St. Andrew's College, the Ontario private school he attended, celebrated at a celebration assembly; war will be fought but he had rounded up his brother and young Frank Moores and had them personally meet the stage for a proud, tearful rendition of *Ode to Newfoundland*. A Crosbie lives a good life.

"These are tough times and tough decisions," he had said just prior to the opening of Parliament. "But we can't shrink from making them." He was by then well into the budget gloom, already started to spend the majority of Joe Clark's \$7 billion in campaign promises. "Recess," he told Toronto's Empire Club in November, "will involve some hard work, some cutting back, some putting off of real increases in our standard of living, some restraint." The last Tory budget had been brought down by Donald Fleming in April 10, 1982. It announced that inflation was under control and expressed concern over surplus oil in the West. No one expected Crosbie to pick up where the last Prime Minister had left off. There would be no good news this time.

In a general store outside of Petty Harbour, six miles south of St. John's, Crosbie stops for an ice cream bar for himself and for Walter Carter, who would soon stand for the Conservatives in the Nov. 18 federal by-election in the riding of Bonaville. George Carter had come to Crosbie for help, but found himself reaching for a silver wrapper with 6000 BEERON stamped on the side. "You wouldn't have a proper beer," Crosbie says, "if the budget came down on the 18th."

He turns away, avoiding. For the moment he is one again the member who rose in the House over Franco's criticism of the Canadian seal hunt and demanded a veterinary ban on French gillnet de foie gras on the grounds that the goose are farmed dead. But today he says, "Life is less exciting since I became minister of finance." From his appointment on June 4 he has been more serious, but hardly less startling: the price of oil must rise to world prices. Canada didn't have to need more foreign investment, not less

free trade with the U.S. is a "real option." He takes the mortgage deduction, city scheme and reduces it, raises interest rates when Clark had promised to lower them, and walks nonchalantly on the Tory drive to privatize Petro Canada. "I support the government position," he says. "But I suppose it's all right to say that my enthusiasm for it is somewhat muted. Peterson is doing something useful. Even if it's government-owned, it doesn't bother me too much."

How odd that it doesn't, though. Nearly eight years ago, when Crosbie was finance minister in Frank Miller's New Brunswick government—one of seven provincial cabinets he has held—he was deeply involved in the nationalization of the Jovetta Inshore mill at St. John's. A day that may have cost the province more than \$400 million in losses he did that, he says, because the province

he inherited from the Liberals, of his ongoing devotion that Hood was removed from office by the prime minister himself. He also arrived in office to find a mysterious phrase lurking about—"strategic deficit"—but though he tried earnestly to understand what it meant, he could find no Tory willing to explain it to him. "Nobody will admit that they had anything to do with it," he says. "I just wanted I can't find any author." He might have considered looking in the Senate where Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Robert Reed de Coligny was usually right on cue.

Nothing, however, quite prepared him for Sinclair Stevens, the president of the Treasury Board and the man who might have been finance minister were it not for Crosbie's careful artery. All Crosbie will say is that "there was a little disagreement." It was a large disagreement,

actually, and it apparently grew out of Stevens' only attempt to dig economic coffers to the new government. Crosbie felt the role should go to him, and matters heated over during an inner cabinet battle concerning the Canada Works program. Stevens wanted to slash it, of course, whereas Crosbie—fully aware that Newfoundlanders measure their welfare in federal windfall rather than local snowfall—wanted it kept as is. Crosbie was, but the possible advanced to the point where the prime minister had to intervene and lay down new rules. Stevens would do the books and concentrate on ordering the cash register and sales demonstrations would be left to John Crosbie. "I think we both knew what our roles were," he says.

There were other adjustments to make as well. His image. To see Crosbie only months ago in Sunday drive clothes it was difficult to reconcile the fact that this is a Crosbie of Newfoundland, kind of a sub-conqueror. Bred in the hills, his own brother, Andrew, requires a folded calling card just to let his chairmen, presidents and directors (Eastern Provincial Airways, Limited, Chimo Shipping Limited, the Bank of Montreal, just to mention a few). No one doubts that choosing to be the political Crosbie has cost him considerably—his estimates between \$5 and \$5 million—but John Crosbie has never been so poor in a moral battle in his short world support. "New world has proved education (gold medal) in law, graduate work at the London School of Economics) seem to indicate a man who would refer to political opponents (Pierre Trudeau and Ed Broadbent) as 'Tweedledums' and 'Tweedlebees'." There had to be changes. He no longer refers to a French side as his "Frankophone," his staff has organized him in his two property, had him retasked in Finance Minister and suggested Crosbie of everything from "personal use" of the Stephen's funds (trust, even according to his political foe) to choosing "no lead he used his own father" (true, it was over some complicated tax business years ago, he did it at his father's urging, and he lost). The Inshore mill should have turned him all public enterprise forever, yet it faded too. More, it demonstrates his nearly total lack of ideology.



Standing against Newfoundland (and) and Newfoundland federal membership in 1973 government in a quieting home of Joe



government of Joey Smallwood had set the disaster in motion, but the set backs his still. Not long after he arrived in Ottawa in the fall of 1976, an unnamed, single spaced, long paper document appeared and certain members' doubts across Crosbie of everything from "personal use" of the Stephen's funds (trust, even according to his political foe) to choosing "no lead he used his own father" (true, it was over some complicated tax business years ago, he did it at his father's urging, and he lost). The Inshore mill should have turned him all public enterprise forever, yet it faded too. More, it demonstrates his nearly total lack of ideology.

Had he been more single-minded an most other Tories seem to be about he might have found his own party's actions less confusing. But no member had he as loved William Hood, the deputy minister

War services as Newfoundland minister of education. He died at 56. His son was Charles Crosbie, who set the financial empire in full motion. He died at 57. John Crosbie, also the eldest son, is 56 now, driven, but it is also driven by a terrible fear. It is John Crosbie's greatest secret that he has even turned to a modern for advice, and has not been pleased by the answer: beware between ages 56 and 58. (Over is not the only instance: a pain-

With wife at St. John's highway opening, waving off to get another challenge



reader in Hong Kong accurately predicted several years ago that Crosbie was one day be heading huge amounts of money).

A man in a hurry runs. And John Crosbie's labeling of himself as "a whirling dervish" has everything to do with speed and working to do with the dervish's self-worn commitment to poverty and austerity. So committed is he with two fingers in every pie that monthly, when aides approached him hoping to relieve him of some petty work, Crosbie fell full across his desk, snatched his papers and began shouting, "It's mine! It's mine! You can't have it!" Ed Roberts, a Crosbie opponent but admiring when they were both in the Newfoundland legislature, says, "You've heard the word 'workaholic,' but you've not also what it means until you see John Crosbie in action."

The huffiness is the driver man's dispute. After Joey Smallwood handily defeated him for the Newfoundland Liberal party leadership, Crosbie took a hard

measure of himself—possibly why, then, a passion for the "dervish"—and he reshaped his person around an Dale Carnegie course. Somehow, a hidden reservoir of humor who tapped in the process, and it has made a welcome difference. "I do not agree that there is no day of hope as far as plans are concerned," he recently told NDP finance critic Rob Rose. "There is no 'day' of hope in the way, I will admit, that "Only a week into his new job, he found himself flying to Paris to attend an important meeting of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD). At the airport French protocol had a bronze waiting, a police escort, and traffic halted along the entire route to the city. Crosbie not only refused to sit in the backseat ("I want to see") but he stopped the French by delivering a perfect Queen Elizabeth wave to flabbergasted motorists along the way.

"That is your friendly finance minister speaking, ladies and gentlemen," Crosbie says into a portable tape machine. "Elton Walter Carter and he'll drain the federal treasury dry. Yes sir, Sinclair Stevens may well commit har-lar-y if Walter Carter is elected."

On the far side of the Crosbie living room Walter Carter groans and stares at his polished shoes, patiently waiting for Crosbie to get serious. It is a comfortable room to sit here in a Parman rug, two fish plates, tastefully, but for the wood carving of two antique rattan—decorated. It has the air of a mansion, a tribute more to Crosbie taste than expedience, since he paid only \$55,000 for the home in 1981.

The house tells how about John Crosbie, actually, than do the final three numbers of his Newfoundland air license plate 088. Crosbie's are listed for the top. As he says himself, "I've got to be able to work the top if you don't want to be No. 1." He says he would be just a member and work up as his house. The beginning of his political ambitions has been conveniently noted in the diary of Joey Smallwood when, on Sept. 23, 1965, he made the following entry: "Many visitors at house all day. John Crosbie over—he wants to be a candidate."

Within a year he was in the Smallwood cabinet, certainly the heir apparent to the aging premier. The falling out, however, was to come almost as quickly, and the emotions were high enough that Smallwood would one day tell an Ontario university audience that anyone who

Other cabinet members reported their cabinet colleagues had seen Crosbie waving off with a wave. It is elected to place his name in a third draft.

wanted to be premier of his province had better first serve an apprenticeship clearing out pigsties, as he himself once had. That way, they would learn to watch out for two-legged swine as well.

Crobie came to Smallwood at a time when the premier was joining *Environnement*—the Churchill Falls hydro project and the Come By Chance oil refinery—and it was Smallwood's intention to advance American entrepreneur John Shute's "a cruffing" \$5 million (Crobie says \$18 million) in "bridge money" to keep the oil refinery project afloat. "I'd been uneasy ever since I'd gotten into the cabinet," remembers Crobie, "knowing I'd made a mistake and having to agree to all kinds of nonsense in the field of industrial development." So this was the last straw. "He told Smallwood he was going to resign, and while Crobie was off preparing his letter, Smallwood fired him. It was a nasty affair. The bitterness peaked in November, 1968, when Crobie challenged Smallwood for the party leadership, spent an astonishing \$600,000 to lose \$5 million, and lost.

Revenge came only after Crobie had switched parties and helped Frank McKelvey dump Smallwood in the 1973 provincial election. And for a while that was enough. By 1975 he'd held down almost every cabinet post there was, his energy coming from a secret refrigerator of chocolate bars he kept in his office. But by 1976 he was bored. Jane Crobie told her husband he was through with Newfoundland politics, he should leave—even without becoming premier. A federal job election was coming up in St. John's. West, the Liberals were dangling a cabinet seat in front of him, but he ran for the Tories instead. "You just can't keep becoming back and forth."

Finally, going to Ottawa gave him precisely what he failed at in provincial politics: top billing. Partly in the daintiness of federal Minister of Fisheries and Oceans James McGrath, with whom Crobie is supposed to share Newfoundland, Crobie has emerged as the only Ottawa politician on the Rock, and the response are flavored with typical island passion. In Placentia Bay a man in mud-soaked boots delivers an offering—two freshly killed partridges—and leaves without even waiting for his thank you. In Burn-Hi, Overton, one of the New 10 hydroplants, Pierre Trudeau is on the phone to Liberal candidate Roger Simmons, the eventual winner, and he asks Simmons what Ottawa, hence Trudeau, can send down to help. Simmons answers in a rant: "John Crobie."

There will always be those in Newfoundland who will remember that Joey



With Joe Clark at Jasper (top) and with Smallwood in 1969. Top of the Rock.



Smallwood took to calling Crobie "Cromwell" in the days of their most bitter feuds. They remember that Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England from 1653 to 1658, deposed a divine right ruler, perhaps also that Cromwell switched parties. Cromwell died heavily,

though, three years after Cromwell's death Charles II had the body exhumed, shrouded of Cromwell's head and stuck it up on a pole for the remainder of his reign. John Crobie must deal with the knowledge that now, as Quebec minister, his enemies grow larger by the day, and multiply with each budget. As the official *Red News* features, there can be no love in his eyes.

"It is my belief," he says slowly over an evening whisky at his home, "that the public is tired of all the firefakes, the cosmetics, the excuses. I'm not expecting to go any further as Canadian politics. I'm not going to be trying to carry favor or do the things that make you very popular with the public. Therefore, I'll be prepared to take risks." Appropriately a plaque has been named in his St. John's constituency office. "I'm though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you shall fear no evil, for you are the meek and lowly in the valley."

The final visit Crobie paid on his late fall swing through his riding was to the dairy farm of Jack McDonald, on the outskirts of St. John's. McDonald had recently lost his barn and five good milch cows to fire, but seemed convinced that was but a minor inconvenience to the last. John Crobie will be finding this week upon delivering his first budget in Ottawa. Later, when Crobie left the farm, McDonald might kiss for a moment by the arm. "Take care of yourself, by," he warned. "You're a rough, rough road ahead of you, John." ☐

## The Nation

# Tory troubles oil and bubble

By Susan Riley

There were harsh words followed by an awkward silence in Ottawa's national press theatre, moments before Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn arrived for an evening press conference last week. One of the minister's aides and a particularly conspicuous radio reporter had been quarrelling and swearing at each other ("We want that God damned press release!" "Silence, you dick!" over a mix-up in the delivery of a release announcing the minister's statement. Near the end of a terrible week, the last thing Hnatyshyn needed was open warfare between his staff and the press. But for the beleaguered minister the worst was still to come.

Plagued by mounting criticism in the press and in the Commons, Hnatyshyn called the press conference to announce record sales of surplus natural gas from Western Canada to the United States—just hours after a leaked National Energy Board report predicted looming oil shortages in Atlantic Canada (see page 36). Although it is a physically impossible to get surplus western gas out past Montreal—there is no pipeline—explaining the growing disparity between the rich West and the poor East is a political nightmare.

While Hnatyshyn was claiming that the huge natural gas sale will help Canada's balance of payments and stimulate expansion for both gas and oil, the Commons was echoing with Opposed to changes that the Tories see "selling our birthright." Meanwhile, with Chairman Jack Stabbeck, sitting beside Hnatyshyn

at the press conference, was trying to explain why Canada suddenly has a huge exportable surplus of natural gas, when, only a few years ago, the 19th was worried about gas reserves running out by the mid-1980s. Both men squirmed over so slightly as they denied knowing why the NEB's dramatic report on national supply had not been released in midweek as Clark had indicated.

In the Commons, the government was accused of trying to suppress the report to save Joe Clark political embarrassment, since Clark has been saying since fall that oil supplies in the East would be "tight but manageable." This winter Hnatyshyn told his press conference Thursday night that his office did not

in the Tories' first budget, due this week, likely to help very much—with the otherwise twinkle-eyed John Crosbie, minister of Finance, east as the Grinch who stole Christmas.

By contrast, there is a distinctly festive air in the Liberal camp these days. They are shopping for a new leader. Across the country party affiliates are meeting in excited knots to plot strategy and send all manner. Rumors circulated early in the race in Pierre De Baul, a 61-year-old lawyer of Lebanese extraction from the Gaspe, in Quebec. De Baul, honest and thoughtful, is requested within Quebec as a left-leaning intellectual with strong nationalist feelings, but he is little-known in Eng-



Stabbeck and Hnatyshyn: a splitting how more became less and less became more

interfere with the release of the report—but the next morning at 8:30 pm conference, Prime Minister Clark modestly contradicted his minister when he said Hnatyshyn's office had ordered the NEB to release the report at week's end to clear up mounting confusion. What should have been a public relations coup for the government—a big sale of Canadian gas—ended with Clark and Hnatyshyn looking like snakes of aspidochelone.

But it was the whole cabinet that looked glum when the latest Gallup poll showed the Tories had slipped an unprecedented 19 per cent in the past six months, from 28 to 39 per cent in public popularity. "On Tuesday Allan Gregg admitted the ship 'in historical terms' is ashore of for a new government." Nor

did Canada. He is not wanting to switch to win at to ensure the convention has an "eloquent presentation" of Quebec's aspirations. He is in preparing an eight-chapter "manifesto" for release after Christmas. He is likely to be signed on the convention platform by Jean Chrétien, Maurice Blais and a drift of English-speaking MPs (for two early-bird positions, see next page).

Perhaps the most interesting development last week was the "Declaration of neutrality" signed by 19 Quebec back-benchers who said they are nobody's puppets. Their purpose is to dodge the long shadows being cast over the Liberal leadership convention by two prominent Bay Street lawyers—John Turner and Donald MacDonald—and encourage a wide range of candidates to come forward. So over the next few months, while the Tories struggle with grim realities and Canadians wait for thorough the hottest winter of their discontent, it looks increasingly as if the Liberals will not simply elect a new leader in Winnipeg on March 28—but a new prime minister. ☐

\*While the Liberals scored 39 per cent, up from 28 per cent in October and 19 per cent in June, the New Democrats got 39 per cent of popular support, up from 28 per cent in October and 19 per cent in June.

# "And from the rock-bound coast of . . ."

If the Liberal party of Canada seemed last week to toll bellwether in the eye of the hurricane that would strike when the leadership convention began, what's the preliminary signs were reported from opposite ends of the national map. If neither was likely to seal home a win, neither might pick up enough support to influence the outcome next March 20 in Winnipeg.

## For Regan, it's 400 or bust

Gordon Regan, 55, Liberal premier of Nova Scotia 1970 to 1978 and since then leader of the Opposition, admits he is "wondering" if a run at the federal leadership will do him at the same time. He says he has not yet made up his mind. He says he believes that if he would be going to have a candidate, who has a lead in the Atlantic region and could secure for his interests at the convention. He asks himself: "If he has absolutely no interest in running as simply a turn-of-mind, I would have to be concerned that I at least had a written statement of intent."

His advisers of the record are a different story. They believe Regan is "moving very heavily toward being a candidate," and they think a final decision that week. But they add that if he does run, it is public announcement would be unlikely until late this month. They also suggest that he will not really run such the possibility of winning "C" success in the next, unlikely at all. (but instead will be trying to use the leadership contest to boost his ongoing provincial career). The argument goes like this: Regan, an excellent campaigner, runs well and comes into the first field with between 400 and 500 votes. He immediately throws his support to whatever front-runner he thinks will win and comes home to Halifax with some votes from the first round and a guaranteed gain in Nova Scotia as a national figure. It is a national figure, says one of his closest confidants. It is the only less than 400 votes absolute minimum on that first ballot, no 3 finished possibility.

One East Coast Liberal says he can't think of one of his single-minded Regan supporters who wouldn't be shouting "Yes, the chance!" It is like watching your mother walk a tightrope: you know she has good balance, but . . . However, he also believes that only the unlikely entry of another high profile Atlantic Liberal such as Allan Rock, Stephen or Don Jamieson in Quebec, LeBlanc or even the unlikely but not discounted one—former P.C. premier Alex Campbell



Regan (above) and Campagnolo: no race for a favorite son or a third daughter

can keep Regan out of the race. Another important factor would be money: and local elections are that Regan would have to come up with \$500,000 in order to make a credible showing. So far, says a Regan confidant, "the money has been raised and no delegates have been contacted. But there are a lot of very serious phone calls being made."

Of the front-runners, Regan would personally probably be more at home with Turner—the well-known (and Regan's third choice after local boy Allan MacEachern and Robert Williams at the 1982 convention—but it is believed he will go with who ever looks like the winner after the first ballot. The bottom line in Halifax is that Regan is going to run. Although he was unhappy in Ottawa during his early 60s stint as a Pearson-bench-warmer, his supporters are convinced that his own ego would be enough to get him to give up that pleasure of suit for the benefit of even a top-notch run at the party leadership. **Stephane Stashevsky**

## For Campagnolo, into overdrive

When Campagnolo went back into a battle at Vancouver's sleek Al Porto restaurant, her eyes as wide as saucers. "It's not that I'm so great," she says, "but I'm big as a bear. Bigger wings. It's simply that I'm an athlete." She is conducting the ball-

wool shirt of a wifely attempt on the Liberal leadership. No one is surprised that she turned up on people's lists. An attractive 47, she was the scrappy little lady of the Trudeau cabinet, weighing in with Jean Chretien during the sleep-murder of Mulroney and another spin into a high-profile, high-profile venue for advancement. Then the Campagnolo machine crashed when in May 2000 by some 400 votes to win an election in the upcoming Quebec provincial election. She was left with only 100 votes in that traditionally hot province. The maverick mother-in-law became a glamorous ex-wife in her second career. After a month-long period of growing the Toronto-based Campagnolo company have been submitted in consulting—managing a labour-owned association and hunting for groups as various as the Big Brothers and the Calgary 1988 Olympic Committee. She is also host of a local television show called One of a Kind which features conversations with 400 celebrities such as J.V. Cline, Ed Laskin, Cherie Woodard and Terry Jacks. "Ions has a good in" admits producer Mary Gargano.

The revamped Campagnolo political career slipped into overdrive with the announcement of Pierre Trudeau's retirement. Within two hours she received 18 phone calls. They have continued regularly, most fuelled by the somewhat patronizing notion that the Liberal party has to have a woman leadership candidate. At all in an uncommon deluge of media attention. Then there is her undeniable national profile and with former Vancouver mayor Art Phillips declaring himself out of the race last week, the situation that she is one of the few Liberals who can still win the support of Winnipeg. His political personal curiosity gives her a serious chance, yet she now says she will travel to Toronto and Ottawa next week to test the waters.

Others see more serious problems, including the active odds at some party officials caused by the intense Campagnolo cabinet style. "A good-looking Jany Le Marchant says one Liberal. Then there is what she is called: usually calls "Lion's Chappard"—the running through and subsequent burning of the Liberal government's Liberal federalism, and the lack of a constituency. A private source taking of what she saw as a folk. Because of the support to scuffle a reform there. She turned a lot of bridges when she left home. Says Patricia Regan, Daily News editor and former Campagnolo campaign worker Lynn Saylor. "Pragmatic, but obviously enjoying the sex produced by the game, the woman Queen Camp once described as a free thinker, a little bit of a window and reflects on a female cabinet candidate. I was at a political party. I always knew I might not have a great deal of time." **Thomas Phillips**

## Alberta

## Fighting on the home front

When Christine McInnis and her husband's business head in Halifax, they had the choice of paying \$130 a month for base housing or \$200 a month off the base. Transferred to Calgary last April, they found themselves paying \$250 a month for permanent married quarters (PMQs) with a November income tax return which would take the net to \$366. "When I heard, I sat down and cried," says McInnis, whose ministerial husband—still drawing about the same monthly \$1,448 he received in Halifax—has been moved

ment but it's welfare and people are ashamed." Bird estimates as many as 400 families out of 2,800 military personnel in the Calgary base would have qualified for welfare if the full rent index had gone through in November.

Arrested forces personnel, who draw the same basic pay related to rank wherever they serve (a trained private makes \$780 per month), have traditionally been low paid but have had such perks as cheaper housing. Now, as part of a fiscal restraint program, the government is raising rents to match local housing conditions. Calgary, with the most expensive housing prices in Canada, also boasts the most expensive military housing and the increases proposed would have hit rates another 40 to 70 per cent. In desperation, some have requested transfers out of Calgary and 34 soldiers applied for re-



Fighting when Anne Byrne, Lesley Reay, Esther Bird packing petitions: ashamed

leave from the service in one week in November.

After more than a month of pressure, Defence Minister Allan Rockman finally revealed that overstated country-wide rents would be fairer, but he still has to tell that nation to the Treasury Board, and further rent hikes are due to the spring, on top of the partial hikes that went into effect in November. Patricia McInnis, whose sergeant husband has applied for a transfer, fears the move will point out it will probably provoke protests elsewhere because lower rent areas will then face substantial hikes. "The best idea would be to get PMQ under the control of a housing corporation controlled by members of the armed forces," she says. That might also solve two other problems: current poor maintenance on housing which often dates back to the Second World War and a general shortage of home housing. In the meantime, O'Rourke's rent went up \$100 in November and could rise another \$50 in May. After 25 years in the service, that makes the O'Rourke's kind of getting out. **Suzanne Zvara**



## British Columbia

### Fire one, fire all

It's being called the Tuesday massacre and last week it signalled a new fire-apocalypse in the increasingly murky scandal that Premier Bill Bennett hopes to dramatically wipe away. Instead the latter-semester after-the-fact attempt to spread following the precipitation firing of the Social Credit caucus's entire research staff in an apparent attempt to dislodge shillish researcher Edna Mackay. It was her voice that was heard on tapes during the writing of glossy letters to the editor and other dirty campaign tricks. Despite details by caucus chairman Jack Kempf, whose out-two-hour pitch slip terminated the two staffers without notice, that dirty tricks were not a factor, most observers were convinced Don Vancouver politician called the mass sacking "outrageous." (Another referred to the perpetrator as "Mick Kempf.") Reminded that the firings came exactly three weeks before Christmas, Kempf joked that "some of us are Scrooges." With the exception of Mackay none of the researchers or the office secretary was involved in the scandal.

After consulting with his lawyer, Mackay, who had earlier refused to accept a Kempf reprieve and for her part in the tapes, maintaining she acted under the direction of her superiors, indicated she would now co-operate fully with the RCMP's ongoing investigation of the affair. Late in the week Mackay and Jack Kelly, a caucus researcher who had resigned earlier due to the scandal, talked extensively with police and tired over



Parties of the Free People: Ready to be the first Social Credit Caucus Christmas Greeting

some 30 documents relating to the case. For supporters, Mackay revealed a memo from Don Campbell, Bennett aide and Social campaign chairman in the last election, urging Social executive assistants to encourage none of the tactics on the dirty-tricks tapes. Campbell does not know the tapes' contents. According to Mackay, the memo was recalled after three hours and shredded. The RCMP investigation has been extended by two weeks and police hope to deliver their findings to Attorney-General Allan Rockwell by Dec. 15.

The farrell last week took place against the backdrop of new questions raised by the discovery of an unpublished campaign expense account

which existed independently of Social Credit party structure and was used by some aides close to Premier Bennett. The findings now bring to seven the number of low-level Social staffers who have resigned or been asked as a result of the ongoing affair. "It's just the way Jack would handle it," says one politician who has known Kempf since his days as a logging manager and mayor of the town of Houston in central B.C., "with a neat flourish."

Thomas Hopkins



Meisel (top) and Soucy (left) apologise and head-cratching



Soucy. The former failed to meet political peers by replacing the man who has come to symbolize saving interest rates, but Soucy argued that Soucy was not to be blamed. "I've suffered some sleep loss in my time. Grabble like Michael's but Soucy's not one of them."

The Meisel appointment was far more surprising. Queen's University political science professor—and political adviser of Liberal Affairs Minister Ross McLeod—has no apparent in broadcasting. Indeed, the 38-year-old, Australian-born Meisel is a highly respected academic whose specialty is federal-provincial relations and whose concerns are far the long-term aspects of politics. The waters of the CRTC, however, are immediate—pay television and first telephone channels—and the adoption of Meisel here is clearly close to the world of satellite communications. It makes for prime-time viewing in Ottawa.

## Calgary

### And now the year of the adult

Calgary International Airport, dedicated as the West's answer to Miami, was blessed to the Tag Mehal when it opened two years ago. Typical of the extravagant luxury of the \$100-million complex, and critics, was a children's play area. But most people were charmed by the Pegasus Playpen, considering it both imaginative and practical for travellers with children. No matter. The playpen never opened because Transport Canada, accustomed to a faster-than-light world, lately decided the non-propelled horses were unsafe transportation for pre-teen children. The playpen's designers, Heard, Waxman, Murray of Calgary, acquired the six horses from a 1980s mascot, added wings to them and set them up for children to climb on. It was the wings and the horses' pointy knees that alarmed Transport Canada to the stench, which cost about \$2,500, were put up for bids last week. Designer Ben Murray, who kept one of the original set to grace his own office, feels the government's unsafe-at-any-speed extreme is a ruse. "They just wanted to make the space into a paying proposition." So new renovations will soon be under way to turn the space into an adult playpen—a 40-seat bar and food outlet.

Sharon Zeman

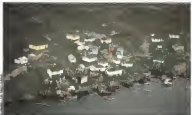
trial of all fishing off its coast. It wants control—due now at least—only over what are referred to as the "northern cod."

Many species of fish, not entirely unlike those grazing in a specific mountain pasture, tend to stick to their own part of the coast. The "northern cod" stocks, as opposed to the "Grand Banks cod" which stay aggressively in the Grand Banks region, live further north, off the shores of the great northern peninsula and the coast of Labrador. At one time these fish were caught almost exclusively by Newfoundland fishermen and Bedford wants to return to that era. In the recent past, foreign trawlers have moved in as well as "wet-fish" travellers from all the Atlantic provinces. These have no licensing capabilities and can only stay at sea for up to 18 days at a time. Federal government pol-

icy announced last fortnight would open the area to Canadian trawlers with fishing capacity. Bedford is worried this development will cut into the Newfoundland share of the catch, leaving fewer fish for "lawful" fishermen—the people of these small coastal communities Canada sought to protect in its Law of the Sea debates.

Now Newfoundland has assumed the protection role for itself and is demanding foreign trawler quotas for the "northern cod" area. It has stated that, "wet-fish" trawlers licensed by the province to eliminate most of mainland vessels, and that no foreign or factory trawlers be allowed in the area at all. Bedford says Ottawa had better comply, or else.

"We will be exercising all the weapons at our disposal to achieve these objectives. All available fishery companies operating in this province are put on no-



## Newfoundland

### Fish for one, foul for another

An old argument used in international debris 35 or more years ago still comes back to haunt Ottawa. Before going up a registered 200-mile limit in favor of opening one nearly three years ago, Ottawa pointed to Newfoundland fishing villages to make its case. At the time, Canada wanted to restrict foreign operations, thus preserving communities that depended almost entirely on the fishery. Now Newfoundland is demanding, for the prosperous future of those same 200-odd communities, that all non-Newfoundland fishing be restricted. The alienated Premier Bruce Bedford delivered in the provincial legislature last week the latest and perhaps boldest move in his campaign to have Newfoundlanders gain control of their own economy and social destiny (Rathbone, Montreal, Dec. 18). The province is not trying to wrest con-



Bedford not fishing village, using every weapon to defend the cod-fishing grounds

trol that if they catch Newfoundland fish and land them on the mainland, we will reserve the right to consider them inadmissible for any provincial assistance programs, or in applying for further processing business in addition, all licenses currently held by such companies may be renewed."

Bedford wants other Canadians to know "that we are not being greedy. We are merely trying to protect our livelihood. We must defend our rights." He promptly discovered that other provinces are concerned about their rights, too. A Nova Scotia spokesman retorted that "if our fishermen are denied traditional access to the northern cod fishery it would practically destroy our off-shore limit." But Bedford is not shaken. When one of his aides was asked jokingly when the federal declaration of war on Ottawa could be expected, he replied seriously "This is the first salvo."

Robert Plouffe

### Two spots on prime time

Very noisy last week a single over the Gallup poll (see page 19) were a couple of federal appointments that could prove as critical to Canada's financial and cultural well-being as the Gallup may be to the Clark government's ruling health in surveys with Tony policy. The two deals were—General Borden to contract as Director of Canada's government and John Meisel to become chairman of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission—caused an endorser parade of public applause and television viewing.

Soucy's appointment to a second prime-time term came on the eve of the last budget and approximately the publicity crisis from Finance Minister John Crosbie who admitted the 58-year-old



It began as a real Hollywood fairy tale for **Yvette Mimieux**. At 17 she was "discovered" by a talent scout and whisked off to the sound stages of MGM studios. Her first film was the 1960 version of **H.G. Wells's** *The Time Machine* and 20 years later she's back in another sci-fi adventure *The Black Hole*. Mimieux spent 2½ months working on the film, but the pace wasn't excessively grueling. "Besides, I was the only woman,"



Mimieux, a 40-year-old wounded hero

she laughs. Now 40, Mimieux is tired of being typecast as a "wounded female" character. "I want meaty, dramatic roles with great directors," she says. In fact, her favorite director is husband **Stanley Donen**, whose credits include *Swing in the Spring* and *Charade*. Their next project will be a romantic comedy, and after that Mimieux says she would like to work with **Ingmar Bergman**. "Is black and white."

**Alan Aida** and **Robert Redford** make a striking couple in support of the Equal Rights Amendment in the U.S. **Pat Carroll** proves that not all Hollywood mouthpieces are meted out obscenity. "If I'm gonna take a run at a girl, I always take 'em. 'Lucky, I'm gonna take a run at you,'" Reynolds has said, showing all the grace of a nursing in-



lacker. Reynolds also finds it unfortunate that some women "have to arm wrestle to get their own way." He believes that "an attractive lady doesn't have to fight for rights."

In the box office best seller **10.10.10**, **Deek** played top number to **Quincy Jones** and all the time that Jones loaned to the background as her bodyguard. Even in commercial shadow, Jones is an 11. A former health-club instructor, truck driver and semipro football player, Jones is six-foot-three and 280 pounds of solid bulk. Last November he appeared as a contestant on the TV romance game show *The Dating Game*. He beat the girl, but he was the heart of a Movie Club romance who happened to be watching and immediately spotted Jones's wet T-shirt look as the staff stars are made of. The nation called her son-in-law who happened to

be **Don De Launhardt**, producer of such film epics as *The Bible* and *King Kong*. Such mother-in-law rival got Jones his first starring role as the lead in *De Launhardt's* version of *Phat Gordon*. Belated and just deserts for an actor who claims to have spent his first four months in Hollywood "living on a steady diet of airline crackers and water."

"I guess I was a dull Canadian, but I always tried in *Nature*, and traveled the world. I now hope I'm not quite as dull as I used to be," says expatriate Montrealer **Phyllis Munn**, who headed north last spring when the success of her song *Marie Boy* Denver created an untenable tax situation. In March, 1978, an impetuous Mills took out a tax-drover's license in Toronto, but her can-

dan *The Post & I* sold 1.5 million copies before he could turn on the radio. Now a wilderness, 35-year-old Mills has learned to manage his own finances quite well and thinks it's about time the Canadian government stopped up. "The country should be run like a large corporation," he says. "No government agency should exist unless it's making a profit."

It's no secret that U.S. presidential candidates need cash to finance the long shag to the White House. Toward that end, singer **Barbra Streisand** recently freed 10 faithful followers of her *Spotlight* Barbra candidate-boyfriend Governor **John Brown**. The Brown 80 assembled at Streisand's Malibu beach house and each paid \$500 for the privilege. Not to be outdone, **Paul Kennedy** has scheduled a pre-Christmas fund-raiser for his brother-in-law Senator **Kenneth Kennedy**. The gala affair will be held at "Hickory Hill," a family horse-stead just outside of Washington. For \$1,000 each, 500 guests will enjoy three hours of cocktails and buffet. It's only \$65, says Ribbel—that's all the house can hold. Rostand is now thinking about a New Year's party. The political drum beat goes on.

No one can accuse the Canadian book businessmen of slowing down for the Christmas season. To promote their weighty biography of former liberal "master of everything" **C.D. Howe**, authors **William Kilbourn** and **Robert Bethwell** are mounting a campaign to have the late politician remembered and elected in the wake of *Pierre*. The dead's resignation. Armed with placards and pamphlets, the normally reticent pair are taking to the streets to convince the public that the dead politician is the solution to Canada's problems. "He was a good parliamentarian and he always believed in Canada," explains Bethwell. According to Kilbourn, Howe would be favored by Liberal prime minister **John Turner** and his mother **Walter**, who served in the war, and women on *Howe's* Wartime Purses and Trade Board. "There is support for Howe in all three parties," says Bethwell, with his tongue firmly in cheek. Bethwell also expects the neo-political campaign to receive support from beyond the grave. "We would expect that *Howe* will have *Mackenzie King* to support him."

Royal husbands are usually caught in the royal hand when it comes to things like commercial endorsements and TV appearances, but that doesn't seem to hold true for **Princess Anne's** spouse,



Kilbourn and Bethwell: neo-politicking

**Mark Phillips**. He began his career by lending visual support to British Leyland automobiles in return for \$250,000 sponsorship for his stable of six show jumpers through the British Equestrian Association. This spring he will be seen-leaving for a British TV network, which has promised to turn over the proceeds to help send the British equestrian team to the Moscow Olympics. Says organizer **Brian Vassar**: "I had to

Smith, a peasant by any other name



go to the palace a couple of times to assure him that he would not be made to look as abject as television."

Many of **Frances Maria Pears's** books take worth more than the coffee tables they sit on. **Rom, 42**, is Italy's top designer with clients such as **Pati, Olivetti** and **Alfreda Arfieri**, but his true passion is publishing exquisite limited-edition books. The latest in his "lost or forgotten" art series is a \$150 tribute to two-eighty Detroit bookbinders, and **Rom** thinks the book is worth every penny. "People don't criticize an *Andy Warhol* all-oneses print that costs \$10,000," he says, "but they criticize a book that took a year to produce and costs \$150. In Italy, \$150 buys a deskset."

Canada's answer to **Wayne Newton** is 27-year-old **Grace Smith**, a blue-eyed charmer from Sherbrooke, Ontario, who has regularly paired up with **Newton** in Las Vegas for evenings of "total entertainment." Smith got his start in the business when the lead singer of a "totally unique" group called **Joe King** and the **Shades** heard him sing and pulled him out of the next performance of Vegas. Since then he has shared billing with the **Thelma Houston** and **Don Rickles**, but Smith himself has yet to make it as a headliner. A record album in the works could be the break. Smith has been looking for **Don** and **Shades** **Kevin** (without the **Papi**) has already expressed interest in some of the songs Smith writes. One of the problems that have always plagued Smith is the lack of gifter in his name. "Smith's a sort of peasant name," he says. "I should have chosen it to something like *Loose Sterling*."

Edited by **Marsha Boulton**

# NATO's resolve crumbles

By Peter Lewis

It looked like the story of the little Dutch boy in reverse. But rather than holding back the sea with a finger in the dike, the Netherlands parliament last week punched a major breach in what had appeared to be NATO's common resolve to update its European defense system with a new and particularly lethal generation of nuclear missiles. The Dutch parliament, in a move that reflected the country's deep misgivings about all things nuclear, whether bombs or power stations, refused to accept American Pershing II and Cruise missiles on its soil. The vote came within days of a top-level meeting of the Atlantic Alliance's defense and foreign ministers in Brussels to endorse the NATO scheme to deploy nearly 600 new missiles from 1983 onward to counter the threat from the newly deployed Soviet SS-20 rockets and its independently targetable warheads (each of which could destroy a city). And it was followed immediately by fresh soul-searching on the missile issue by the Belgians, Danes and Norwegians.

As the Dutch parliament noted, Prime Minister Andries van Agt was wringing across the Atlantic to tell President Jimmy Carter of his misgivings about the 48 Cruise missiles scheduled for Dutch soil. And while the Belgian parliament after a quick rethink decided to leave the decision in the permanent hands of the government, two other European leaders, Norwegian Prime Minister Olav Nordli and Danish Foreign Minister Kjeld Jensen, also turned up to urge Carter to defer a decision until the West had time to coordinate recent Soviet disarmament proposals.

Like van Agt, they were received with smiling, but no assurances, and NATO chiefs were adamant at week's end that the Dutch bombshell would not stop the West from going ahead with its plans for the nuclear hardware. But they conceded it had made a mockery of NATO unity and cast doubt on the outcome of this week's ministerial jockey in Brussels. At the very least, defense minis-

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

## The deal that might have been

Once it's long and tortuous debate an answer to choose the F-16 or the F-18 as a new fighter plane in Italy to add with the next few weeks and with an announcement that it had picked the F-18A, Canadian sources at NATO headquarters in Brussels said last week. They recalled that under the terms of the original \$2.3 billion deal a final decision had to be made before Jan. 1, 1982, and that the problems encountered by the European purchasers with the F-16—poorly engine performance, low all-weather capability and runway production costs—would "probably" rule it out for Canada. The decision, however, possibly up the difficulties and costs of long-range defense planning. When External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald was hoping last week to forge "new and extensive links" with Western Europe, Canada was locked into the Trudeau government's decision to choose between two United States aircraft although a highly competitive European bidder, the Tornade, is available.

The Tornade, built by Britain, West Germany and Italy, is a sweet, rugged plane

which can cut through bad weather at supersonic speeds to pound armored car targets or ships. The \$17-billion Tornade is scheduled to go into service in 1982 and the aim is to produce enough planes by 1985 to start replacing the aging U.S. Skyfighters and Panthers and assorted British planes which still make up the bulk of interest aircraft in West Europe. Canada was an early member of the Tornade project, but dickered on because it feared the consortium might take too long to produce the plane and that costs could run too high. As it is, the European buyers are on schedule and costs are more acceptable.

The deal with the F-16 could not be more marked. Bought by Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway in what was euphorically described at the time as the "arms deal of the century," the plane has turned out to be far less than the Israeli-made, General Dynamics Corp.—and the Netherlands—allowed. Finally the cost has long outstripped the going set by the makers in the contract. Secondly the jobs they

lost from the task of rejoining the deployment plan is in order to strike the missiles in four countries rather than five—Britain, West Germany, Italy and Belgium. At the most, a disgruntled NATO could temporarily shelve the plan—which could produce second thoughts in West Germany and Italy as well.

Dutch ambivalence will not be the only worry on the minds of Western ministers as they gather on Monday for week-long talks in the Belgian capital. Earlier last week, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt let off a minor explosion of his own by announcing he would meet early next year with East German leader Erich Honecker in the first inter-German summit in almost a decade. As he spoke, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko was visiting East Berlin to prompt a Warsaw pact call for a pan-European disarmament conference and the Soviet Union started its much-publicized withdrawal of 30,000 troops and 1,000 tanks from East Germany.

Schmidt's announcement of a meeting with Honecker followed recent rumors (Mikhailov, Dec. 30) that Bonn might eventually seek an accommodation with the East if it came to the conclusion Washington could no longer be counted upon to protect Germany from Soviet attack. In a statement that skirted

Pershing II missile and an F-16 fighter less of a boon than its makers allowed

efforts to provide in Europe on follow-up arms and contracts have simply failed to materialize. "Finally, the European purchasers are confronted with the lack of progress and profits that there would be a spin-off in acquisition of technological knowledge by buyer nations."

Europe's experience with the F-16 has been a disaster in its desire to keep it level—which has already produced the German Leopard-2 and the Chobham-armored British Centurion, both of which rule above the American main battle tank. (Canada recently took delivery of 128 Leopards.) Is And the Germans and French have sold the new F-16 anti-aircraft missile system to the U.S. army, a project costing \$2.8 billion (but the megabucks are in arrears) and in addition to building more than 500 Tornades, the Europeans are planning a new fighter for the 1990s. Known only as the next 4.5 and made jointly by France, West Germany and Britain. The project could involve 700 aircraft and cost \$40 or \$50 billion. "We're acting now because we don't want to be caught napping when the time comes to replace the present generation of fighters," a German aircraft manufacturer claimed. "Our prime concerns are economic, but we also want to make sure we are not outclassed with a plane like the F-16 again." Peter Lewis

much light on Russia's present secret mood, Schmidt declared that "our military security depends totally on the West's willingness to maintain a balance of power with the Eastern bloc." His words could be taken as an attempt to hold Washington to its commitment in Europe. They were, however, probably more designed to explain to a German audience why Bonn needed fresh nuclear missiles on its soil when there was evidence to suggest their deployment could leave Germany more exposed than ever. About one-third of the new medium-range missiles are to be

stationed there, a fact that has made Bonn the chief target of the Soviet campaign to block their deployment. Schmidt's blunt reaction to Soviet pressure has been to suggest that once the decision to install the Pershing IIs and Cruise is taken there will be time before their actual deployment to discuss relations in their members with Moscow.

To be sure, disarmament was scheduled to play a big part in this week's NATO meeting—if only because members will feel some compulsion to notify Moscow. They were expected, for ex-

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ample, to match the Soviet reduction of forces and arms in East Germany by offering to withdraw a substantial number of U.S. nuclear warheads now stockpiled in Europe. If the Soviets failed to get the message, the West would resort to using the new missiles as bargaining chips, as both Schmidt and U.S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown already appeared to be doing.

Before that could happen, however, NATO members had to agree to leave the missiles and to resolve one knotty problem that is still outstanding: the matter of who will fire them in the event of a conflict. The Americans want their European allies to share control, but Europe has hesitated off for fear the move would unnecessarily antagonize the Kremlin ("Can you imagine the howls if the Germans got close to a nuclear trigger?" asked a senior British diplomat last week). But the Europeans also feel that leaving the baby in Washington's arms is a good way to ensure greater American responsiveness to the business of defending Europe. ♦

A Soviet tank awaits shipment home from East Germany; soul-searching needed



## An iron grip on "Devil's Island"

By Peter C. Newman

As a few when an observer there is witnessing East German foreigner after foreigner, the role for the Soviet Union is a methodical, far-reaching, and comprehensive one: a heretofore solid colony. The Devil's Island at the Soviet Empire is a beach of surrealism worthy of Kafka. The Czechs find themselves in the incongruous position of being charged with helping to

revive the Soviet bloc's energy crisis. In a sense, at secret places with Moscow, the puppet regime of Gustav Husak has undertaken to build the 23,442-megawatt nuclear reactor on deserted sites which by 1980 will be generating Communist industrial experience from Vladivostok to the Austrian border. It was mostly to maintain a politically satisfied environment for his system that assignment that Leonid Brezhnev, who had previously ordered the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, invited on the recent crackdown against the handful of so-called "dissidents" who did dare to speak out on behalf of the Czech nation. The handful of courageous survivors

who remain faithful to the Charter '77 ideal are routinely beaten up during police interrogations. Their youngsters are kept out of universities and doctored photographic pictures involving their wives and husbands are circulated. How men are dissident family has spoken up to find its gut dug raised to the front door. They are denied work in their professions. János Tottai, a Charter University philosophy professor who along with wife Zsena is among the still surviving Charter spokesmen, is an arrested night watchman in the Prague zoo. Others serve as bellhops, bus drivers and girlfriends. Jaroslav Kladivo, a well-known Marxist historian who endorsed Dubcek several years working copies at the Prague morgue.

Russia's involvement of the Gdr has may have pleased the Kremlin, but it has done little to further his hopes of achieving the respectability or even legitimacy for his government that has always troubled him. Not only do the Communist parties of France, Spain, the U.K. and Italy condemn the recent crackdown, but some dissidents were just imprisoned in both Hungary and Poland.

Husak is particularly vulnerable to Charter accusations that despite communism's noble theories of equality it is only the party faithful who get to ride the top. "Liberators" of the recent crackdown, which strain the strains of Prague (the hungry black sheikhs), who can afford to sleep in the Tuzen have gourmet stoves, and generally to enjoy the good life of ordinary workers. With its most effi-

## Portugal

### A sharp turn to the right

Where have all the flowers gone? In April, 1974, rousing Portuguese thrust and cartonnage into the gun barrels of the soldiers who had delivered them from nearly half a century of dictatorship. Rousing Square, in downtown Lisbon, became a cauldron of steaming rhetoric, chanting demonstrations and waving banners. But the petals of the "Flower Revolution" have long since withered, and with them three early hopes of converting one of Europe's most backward countries into a model society. In Rousing Square last week there was no euphoria, just plain acceptance among the sidewalk café patrons enjoying the warm sunshine. After a five-year dalliance with socialism, Portugal had swung democracy to the right. Disillusioned with political backroom, alarmed about 20-per-cent inflation and 15-per-cent unemployment, the nation's

30 million citizens had opted for the Democratic Alliance, a black championing private enterprise.

The result cheered businessmen and tempted at least a few of those who fed bread to the soldiers of the revolution to think about returning home. But it could also herald sharp conflicts: the battle lines between Portugal's right- and left-wing camps are now more clearly defined. The country's Masonic Grand Communism, who during the notable "people's" election campaign, displayed the national flag rather than the hammer and sickle, boasted their share of the vote from 14 to 19 per cent largely at the expense of the socialists of Mario Soares, the ex-president whose ability to govern never matched his charm. And their leader, Alvaro Cunhal, warned ominously: "The Portuguese people know how to defend, and will defend, the Portugal of April."

The man who is prepared to accept that challenge, Francisco Sá Carneiro, is a towering, 45-year-old lawyer from the industrial center of Oporto, whose less-than-discreet relationship (as a father of five) with an attractive Swedish woman-friend had not seen to harm his

image in strongly Roman Catholic Portugal. (The church gave him significant support by advising its flock of the moral abstinence to vote.) As leader of the Social Democrats (the strongest party on the left), the church also includes the Centre Democrats and a handful of ecology-minded neo-christians, 35 Carneiro is virtually assured of being the next prime minister. Short, bearded, green to fighting swishes in direction, he will, however, need all his considerable skills to keep his coalition together.

With 64 per cent of the vote, the Democratic Alliance is expected to have 128 seats in parliament when all results are in. That would give it an overall majority of six, but not large a margin when Sá Carneiro's intention of introducing harsh economic measures and new labor laws is certain to bring him into collision with the biggest union, controlled by the Communists. At present, however, neither have a particular say in the running of many companies.

A return to conservative economics should, however, encourage foreign investment, which has shied away since

twice out of three "independent" jobs which allow citizens to afford the expensive but available consumer goods that make life tolerable. Most individuals effort goes into building and furnishing their houses—the country cottages that remain the only form of private property allowed by the state. The sole remaining option for foreign travel, holiday loans to Portuguese, has just been abolished. Prices of most consumer goods went up 30 per cent last July, the cost of gasoline doubled. The Soviet Union has issued notice that it will not increase its subsidized gasoline exports to Czechoslovakia beyond 1980 levels and a proposed national gas deal with Iran recently laid through. As a result, the Czechs will increasingly be forced to purchase their oil supplies on the expensive Rotterdam spot market, when their capacity for storing black-oil country funds have almost blown.

It's the ultimate irony that the only way to save the Czech economy may be through precisely the kind of decentralization of authority and introduction of limited competition that Dubcek proposed.

As the economic situation deteriorates, however, a home at protest is quickly gathering strength. The Czechs are growing grimmer and disillusioned and the unavailability of coping machines brings a maximum three-year self-sufficiency underground publishing a flowering. Book manuscripts are laboriously copied and recycled by typewriters that produce a dozen clear copies at a time. At least 250 letters are in circulation of the movement and a private toll-free system for dissidents to write articles out of Prague apartments. (Tell me, please one poem written by a living young poet, what sense there is in living young poets.)

If any mass protest can be expected it will probably be religious. Two-thirds of the Czech population are nominally Roman Catholic, but despite the Husak regime's unrelenting persecution of the church's hierarchy, which has lost 10 of the country's 13 dioceses without bishops and most parishes bereft of ordained priests, the crowds continue to worship. Since the Czech church, except for its liturgical role, place much confidence in the Husak government, the Communist system's modernism, particularly among the young, has also been a source of events. But the pastor working through the Renaissance circles of Prague's old quarter can't help wonder how much longer this unhappy country can go on heading its faith.





Cornelio (top) and Soares; battle lines

more and Marxist in style, though he seemed to think until new elections have been held, probably next September. St. Carmine maintains it is not a question of subverting the constitution, only of reforming it. But to some Portuguese, those reforms would sabotage all that the Flower Revolution achieved.

David Bales

## South Korea

### Mr. Choi flirts with democracy

Following the godsend-style slaying of Park Chung-hee in October, Park's ablest prime minister, Choi Kye-hah, 60, assumed the post of acting president. But the real power behind South Korea was General Chang Sena-ban, the martial law administrator, and his cronies. And the task, as they saw it, was to keep South Korea as near as possible to the ultra-conservative political track laid by Park. Last week they achieved their first objective: The 2,500 yes-men in the electoral college, swayed in the last days by Park, chose mild-mannered former diplomat Choi as interim president, pending constitutional changes and the choice of a permanent office holder.

The move did not go unopposed. The opposition New Democratic Party (NDP) quickly denounced the proceedings, calling this mark of displeasure with a call for the lifting of martial law and a transfer of power to a popularly elected president within eight months. And while Choi's reply promised unity to achieve political development equal to the nation's economic growth, it was clear that some reforms were in pro-

port. Probably doomed, for instance, was the process enshrined in Park's 1970 constitution of reserving a third of the seats in parliament for presidential appointees. As well, the electoral college will almost certainly be eliminated. But the main opposition, deposed, deposed presidential and parliamentary elections, remained a very unpleasant thought to the generals and the ruling Democratic Republican Party (DRP).

They would like to see a conservative leader out from the mould of Park who saw future election—a man such as Chang himself, who is army chief of staff as well as martial law commander, or Kim Jong-il, the new head of the NDP and founder of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, who is thought to have his eyes set on the presidency. But the electorate may be in no mood for their type. As elections for the National Assembly last year showed, the NDP would easily win a free vote and install one of its leaders, such as Kim Young-sam, as president. Indeed, in some ways the generals were already behaving as if they had been backed into a corner. In recent weeks close to 200 Christian leaders, students and civil rights spokesmen have been arrested after troops violently broke up meetings to prevent Choi's election. On the interrogation that followed several reportedly suffered brutal beatings. At one week's end, however, there were some signs of accommodation as Choi announced the lifting of an emergency decree passed in 1975 banning all dissent. Nevertheless if demands for wholesale change from the vast majority of South Korea's population of 38 million were not met, anti-government rioting of the sort that erupted in Paris shortly before Park's death was considered inevitable. As one opposition leader put it: "We don't have much time."

James Fleming

#### Choi coping with rapid reform



## U.S.A.

### A city with an embrace for the shah

By Ien Urquhart

San Antonio, says Fred Bartar, president of the Chamber of Commerce, is "the largest undiscovered city in the country." But last week this fast-growing southwestern Texas metropolis (population, 1,021,400) was in the map with a vengeance after the arrival in the dead of night of the shah of Iran and, in his trail, an international assembly of reporters and cameramen. Chorused Bartar: "We'd do almost anything to get national media coverage." While most San Antonians were more reserved, the city nevertheless embraced the shah as a symbol of American resistance to Iranian blackmail as well as a media draw.

Why, after Mexico and other areas rejected him, did his U.S. address choose San Antonio as the place for the shah to await (re)government? Despite wild rumors to the contrary (one had him coming here for plastic surgery and a new identity), the city was selected because it offers both heavy security and skilled medicine.

Asking being the home of the Alamo, it has the military bases and a large military hospital. Thus it is that the shah, general and hero from his cancer treatment and gut bladder operation in New York, in staying with his wife Empress Farah, his spokesman, ex-Secretary of State Robert Aronson, his friend Dore and people in the visiting officers' quarters at Lackland Air Force Base. It is a country club setting. But security is tight



Curley, Vice-President Walter Mondale, Rosalynn and Joan Mondale. 500 cowboys

and curious newsmen, while they managed to glimpse the shah strolling on the base golf course and the empress playing tennis, were shooed away by military police brandishing M-16 rifles.

Behind this screen the shah was left in peace to secure the passing-down in a Paris street of his nephew Shamsar Chah, 30, and to reflect upon the sudden outbreak of dissidence among the ayatollahs, which led followers of the moderate Shariat-Modar to clash with those of the country's supreme leader for life, Ruhollah Khomeini, in the holy city of Qum and to take over the radio station in Tehran, in Mullah's home province of Azerbaijan.

The hosts, for their part, were also playing things cool. There were indications from Iran that the Revolutionary Council might be considering at least limited acquiescence to the 195 Security Council call for the release of the 50 American hostages (though the Tehran students were asking, and anyway President Jimmy Carter had other pressing matters as his mind hit one announcement that he would not resign, which seemed very much like a fatal

Ahmed Khomeini (left), Ayatollah Sayed Shariat-Modar (center), and former prime minister Mehdi Bazargan. United Press



gunfire by his main opponent, Senator Edward Kennedy (whose lead, a poll showed last week, had slumped from 18 to a mere four percentage points), and a sudden attack of jitters by several allies over the critical issue of strengthening NATO's nuclear arsenal (see page 38).

It may have been frustration at the attention lavished on his rival during the Iranian crisis that prompted Kennedy to break a self-imposed silence in the matter and denounce the shah for corrupting "one of the most vibrant regions in the history of mankind." But it was a blunder Kennedy's remarks were instantly deplored by both Republicans and Democrats as calculated to encourage Khomeini and his followers. Aides to the Massachusetts senator said hopefully that outside Washington the reaction was not so strong and, if anything, favorable to Kennedy for daring to speak the truth. But in San Antonio, few people, even those who share Kennedy's revulsion for the shah, agreed with the senator's timing.

Rene Warr, a local disc jockey who is delayed daily with requests to play *Mooning* to Khomeini, an anti-ayatollah song by the Thrasher Brothers, and Kennedy had raised his chances. "I'm totally anti-Carter," said Warr. "I think he's the biggest nothing we've ever had as president. But in this case he's doing everything that can be done." Ben Stern, a Vietnam veteran who had offered to take the shah into his own home if no one else would have him, said of Kennedy, when he had planned to support, "He let us down."

Not everyone welcomed the shah to San Antonio, however, especially not the several hundred Iranian students in the city's colleges and universities. But they put short shrift. One, Nader Shary, made the mistake of addressing local congressman Henry Gonzalez,



who had promised the shah the "full support" of the city, in front of television cameras. He was later fired by an embittered manager at the Hamada Inn, where he was employed during the people to and from the airport.

Others encountered rough justice when they applied for a parade permit to demonstrate against the shah. It was denied on the grounds that the Ka Klux Klux, a local motorcycle gang and others planned a counter-demonstration. City authorities threw a bloody counter-demonstration and reprisals in Iran when

Guards at the shah's hospital; country club

the news got back there. The students, backed by the American Civil Liberties Union, appealed the decision and for four hours lawyers for both sides engaged in a free-wheeling debate, pitting the Bill of Rights against the lives of the hostages. To make its case, the city summoned a politician and spokesman for the Mexican-American and black communities, who warned of bitterly suppressed anti-Asian feelings.

When Al Boyd Pansu Khayat,

spokesman for the students, took the stand, Crawford Reader, attorney for the city, asked him: "Would you demonstrate if you knew there were 500 overseas and there about to become victims of your hand?" Pansu Khayat said he did not understand the question. It was not clear whether it was the vocabulary or the concept that eluded him.

When it was all over, Judge Peter Mitchell Curry, who had issued himself swatting this throughout the proceedings, turned down the appeal on the grounds that "there is a clear and present danger of all sorts of things happening." Later, Pansu Khayat approached the bench to protest his case against the shah. Retorted Curry: "I'm not in favor of the shah or against the shah. I'm not in favor of Khomeini. As a matter of fact, a slap on both your horses."

While the opinion severely wounded judges, it mostly captured the growing sense of resignation most Americans feel at being held to ransom by a minority few of them know or cared about until recently. That emotion, bottled up for now, could explode over the hostages as either released or executed, putting San Antonio and a host of other cities on the map for reasons less creditable than hospitality to the shah.



## Lowly gossip in the high court?

Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post* has done it again. Tearing up this time with *Call to Arms* instead of his *Watergate* collages. Call *Call to Arms* his last Washington saga with a somewhat investigative book on the Supreme Court. In *The Brethren* based on hundreds of behind-top-secret documents the real members of America's highest court often come off looking dinkish, stupid and vain. This book also offers the first in-depth account of the rule and-rots wing-and-tail of one of the U.S. government's most active branches. The farage behind this book's release (it's out only in selected markets until next month) surpasses most authors' wildest dreams. Eight days of front-page coverage in the *Washington Post* (where both authors work) the cover story in *Newsweek* and a segment on the

60 Minutes have virtually assured success. But in each case a subplot was related that week: more questions were raised about the authors' accuracy and integrity. They are some pretty hefty ones: *Call to Arms* as it did at Warren Burger whose 10th anniversary as chief justice coincides with the release of the book. Woodward and Armstrong claim that Supreme Court Justice William Brennan has called Burger "a dummy," and Justice Lewis Powell said he would fire a law firm associate if he produced as inadequate work as the chief. But Burger isn't the only justice who comes under Woodward's and Armstrong's gun. Thurgood Marshall is tied not to spend much time at work. Harry Blackmun is the weakest of the "Minnesota Twins" (Burger is the other) and before he was tapped to enter former justice William O. Douglas became an "intellectually lazy pedantic prodigal child."

But Woodward's claim that many justices encouraged their clerks to go outside with him, in which much of the book is substantively disputed, is disputed by some

## The Supreme Court judges backbitch

law scholars. Professor Gerald Garthoff, one of the United States' top constitutional law experts who was considered for the Supreme Court himself, told *McLuhr's*: "When I clerked for the Supreme Court I felt it was a damned comfortable job. Both the skill of Woodward and Armstrong and the memorability of the law clerks shows a significant and depressing change of standards."

There is speculation that some deliberately ferociously protective of their salaries—may have talked about other judges (especially Burger) to average some sort of modest gift to their bosses. But whatever his reason, some law scholars are now seeing the public-legal relationship will be damaged by the book. Another view, however, is that it was catalytic, though not particularly helpful to Woodward and Armstrong. It's the first thing that probably got a lot more stories to a lot. But the book's impact down everything will go back to normal."

Chatterbox Fox

## Sports

# New act on Broad Street

By Hal Quinn

It is safe to look back on it now, the time span has been brief, but it seems like another era. It was way back in 1974 when one aspect of the game of hockey, personified by Dave (The Hammer) Schultz and Bob (Mad Dog) Kelly, threatened to take over. Critics called it "goon" hockey, attorneys-general called it criminal, its organizers and practitioners, Philadelphia's Broad Street Bullies, called it successful. And it was. In 1981 and again in 1975, while Kate Smith crooned *God Bless America*, the Philadelphia Flyers battled and in two weeks their way to Stanley Cup championships. Other lines remained what the critics called "hugs," the teams called "policemen," and Bobby Hall called "incompetents" as he sat out in protest.

The following season, as amateur coaches and politicians worried over repercussions at the major levels, the Montreal Canadiens won the cup, the first of four in a row, the Europeans and the Russians started coming, and the Flyers started losing. By the end of last week, however, the Flyers, now gone from winning again with an undefeated string of 30 games, five short of the 1971 record. "As the league began to legalise and regulate violence, it became apparent that to win the cup again we'd have to change our style," says Flyers chairman of the board, Ed Snider. "Hockey was entering a new era and we had to change with the times."

The team installed the Dallas Cowboys' computer system of scouting prospects and started to rebuild, with speed and talent. "The example of the Europeans and the Montreal Canadiens made it very evident that the Broad Street Bullies were paid," says Vice-President and General Manager Keith Allen. "There was a lot of hate and my about violence and we were the whipping boys." Dave Schultz, the leader of the game, was sent to Los Angeles, Don Sakalski to Colorado, Rene Lefebvre, Orrel Hirschbach and Tom Bladen to Pittsburgh—all to set up draft choices. The Pittsburgh deal allowed the Flyers to obtain Ken Linseman, possibly the



Bellefonte, coach Quinn: computer skills

hottest starter in the league, and Bob Wilson. The computer spewed out Pete Pateron's name as the 12nd best junior in the draft. The Flyers picked him in the eighth round after well over 100 players had been selected. Pateron, at work end, was undefeated in the Flyers' goal.

Overhauling the new Flyers era is Pat Quinn, 36-year-old former NHL defenseman Snider and Allen credit Quinn with smoothly reintroducing their new aggressive, five-on-five style and a kind of speed, still and sense. "It's nothing new," the Canadians have always played this way," says Quinn, "but it takes talented and intelligent players to make it work. When we lost that first game in Atlanta 3-2, I started to wonder about what I was doing, whether I'd asked too much or overreacted to the players' ability, or just screwed up. But we came back and beat Toronto the next night and everything's back to the way it was."

The heart of the old Flyers is still there. Bobby Clarke is now playing wicketless, and Reggie Leach, Rick MacArthur, Bill Barber, Mel Bragman and Moose Dupont have been "rejuvenated" according to their coach. Many names—Babe, Barnes, Prapp, Hill—have changed, but as everything has "come home" try to settle some old scores," says Quinn.

In their final game last week, the Flyers and the Los Angeles Kings set a league record, 50 penalties. The Flyers metamorphosis didn't happen over-

night, nor will it end quickly. The team's top farm club, the Maine Mariners won the American Hockey League championship the past two years, and have the best goals against the win-loss record this year. It's a new era in hockey, and it could last longer than the Bullies. ☐

## Heirens' apparent of schuss

The memories of the World Cup women's downhill clinic had all stricken just the flank line of the legendary G. French on Bellevue Mountain in the French Alps. As much as Val d'Aoste in a bits of TV lights and flashbulbs. The crowd, gathered in Jean-Claude Killy's home town for the ski-racing season's pressure last week, was already beginning to scatter with thoughts of lunch and distant newspaper deadlines when the announcer's shrill voice over the loudspeakers from a suspended masthead flaring down the track from the ribbon of 41st starting position was a pretty 39-year-old blonde in a silver body suit emblazoned with the red maple leaf. Her name was so obscure as her interna-



# Early winter squeeze

By David Thomas

The Liberian tanker *Arctic Star* set off this week from Vancouver as a seining relief mission. Kicking low in the Pacific waters off the coast of \$50,000 barrels of western crude oil aerated from those different Canadian producers, the *Arctic Star* is heading south to the Panama Canal and then up the eastern seaboard to Canada. Early next month, while coast guard icebreakers battle winter's resolve to solidify the surface of the St. Lawrence River, the *Arctic Star* will slide between the cliffs of Quebec City and Lévis and surrender her load to the ringing empty drums at the Golden Eagle refinery. Yet since the spigot of the 1973 oil crisis has Golden Eagle—the small oil refining and retailing company owned by Ultramar Canada Ltd. of the U.K., and operating solely in Eastern Canada—had to resort to such an incredible journey to secure that thousands of Eastern Canadians are not frozen out of their houses in midwinter.

The *Arctic Star's* early cruise is just part of the sudden scramble to spare Eastern Canada a fuel shortage that could send Joe Clark's Conservative government back into the cold. The emergency culprit may be Axtell's Rheinstetten, whose drawing of securities with the United States has constrained the flow of income oil to North America. But the Clark government's infeasible delay in seeking the warrings of oil companies and its obstinate refusal to reverse an unpopular electoral promise to dismember Petro-Canada have doused the country with its woes here.

Last Friday, a "very tight situation for heating oil" was reported by the National Energy Board, which also warned western drivers they may run short of gasoline. With Alberta refusing to increase supplies there seems no hope that domestic sources can supplant foreign crude. The report came just days after Gulf Canada confirmed that the next tanker of Iranian crude bound for its Point Tupper, Nova Scotia, refinery would be the last. It was a convincing



Ultramar's Gaule, *Arctic Star* slides between cliffs and surrenders her load



illustration, many now believe, of the need for Petro-Canada or some other federal agency which could purchase crude oil directly from producing states. Gulf Canada was cut off because it depends on its Pittsburgh-based parent for funding and delivering crude. And Gulf Canada would have little success in attempting to buy directly. Says military spokesman Robert Vallance: "The Iranians would not be able to distinguish between the Canadian and the American company, especially since we have the same name." It is a distinction many Canadians are finding difficult to see. They discover that supplies to Canadian subsidiaries are at the mercy of their multinational parents. But even the multinational parents had to see Petro-Canada

active in buying for refineries located in this country if the Canadian government can supply refineries here, the multinationals can concentrate on finding made for operations in the U.S. Gulf last week urged Ottawa to take a more active role in negotiating direct oil purchases from foreign sources, perhaps with Iran itself.

The most vulnerable—and threatened—company remains Ultramar, whose two Golden Eagle refineries, one at Quebec City and another in Holywood, Newfoundland, were the only Canadian refineries mostly reliant on foreign supply from sources in the Middle East. Irving Oil Ltd. of Saint John, New Brunswick, also imports its oil, but from Venezuela, where it is believed to have a favorable contract guaranteeing both supply and price. Because of its more vulnerable position, Ultramar desperately wants a share of Canadian crude, and for the past few months has assigned 15 executives to lobby, plead and sue both the Clark government for enough domestic oil to dilute its dependence on foreign crude, where price is as uncertain as its supply.

The Quebec refinery has already run dry once. Iran's cancellation of a supply contract a year ago forced the refinery to shut down for four weeks. And the way things are looking at the moment, this year it could get a lot worse. Company Ultramar's vice-president, Jean Gauthier, "There is crude available to Canada. There is nothing to get it. Petro-Canada was supposed to do this but now they don't have a mandate to continue. We're losing time." The Clark government, need adds Gaule, "We don't understand the situation." ☐



## Great hoax from small acorns

As if not even the future is predictable in the forest industry these days? Scoring \$100 million in 1976, MacMillan-Bird Ltd. was losing money while Abitibi-Price Inc. lost more than two cents of every sales dollar. Now, led by Macmillan's lively chief of \$7 a share compared with last year's record \$4.50, the industry's profits could jump as much as 75 per cent. As if on equal a spate of companies hauled out lawsuits announcing modernization programs as for taking off least \$2.5 billion through the failure of Canada's most non-depressive industry system against the transition to stability won't be easy. "It is an illusion that these companies are doing well," says Jack Posselt, a forest products analyst at Dominion Securities Ltd. At least half the total profits in 1978 and possibly more this year, can be attributed to Joseph-Edwards, gains resulting from Canada's dividend dollar with 75 per cent of Canada's pulp and paper products shipped and priced in U.S. dollars. Analyst

Greg Liddy of Merrill Lynch Royal Securities Ltd. predicts it won't last with 1980 most profits likely to be 30 per cent below this year's. The reason is an increasingly robust Canadian dollar (which shrank last week to 60¢ in U.S. dollars) for a possible U.S. recession. Every time the dollar weakens up and over, Macmillan's \$2 million in net savings.

Costs continue, however, with new oil in the capital spending programs, not only to expand capacity but also improve existing plants. Along with Macmillan, other investors include Abitibi-Price, which plans to spend about \$1 billion on plant improvement and pollution control and C. B. Eddy Forest Products Ltd., which will spend \$750 million to update its mill at Espanola, Ontario.

With the demise of Reed Paper Ltd. the industry is shedding its costly regulation but one problem looms: will there soon be any trees left to cut down? Great Lakes Forest Products Ltd. acquired Reed's Oyster Creek mill for \$80 million in November. By spending more than \$200 million and planning to manufacture pulp, the

Forestry: much-depressed industry

## Michelin possible

Nova Scotia's Labor Minister Kenneth Stewart was in a sombre mood at the opening of the provincial legislature last week. Small wonder: it was his job to introduce the notorious "Michelin bill"—an amendment to the Trade Union Act which would effectively defeat a three-year, \$1-million drive by the United Rubber Workers' Union to organize workers at the two union-free plants of Michelin Tire (Canada) Ltd. The next afternoon, a hearing provincial Development Minister Roland Thornhill revealed the great French-owned tire-maker would build a third Nova Scotia plant and expand both its existing operations to create 2,800 new jobs. Was the fruit of the announcements purely coincidental, as the government insisted, or did it result, as one labor leader put it, "from a deal hatched under a shiny rock by a bunch of spies?"

Whatever the truth it is clear that the 15-month-old Conservative government of John Diefenbaker has walked into its first major crisis—with the Canadian Labor Congress calling the bill "a deplorable sham of democracy."

The government argues the bill is part of an effort to improve labor stability and encourage development. Some find this less than convincing since the bill applies solely to two or more "independent" plants and Mich-

elin hatched under a shiny rock

company may be able to get the rights to Reed's land. But doubling the present cutting lands. Otherwise, predicts Professor Kenneth Hornblum of Laval and University of Toronto, "They lost money out of wood in 10 years." Even in O.C. with more than 50 per cent of Canada's standing timber. Copestake Inc., a rising Macmillan subsidiary, is using Macmillan's revenues. "The major portion of the existing economically accessible forest resources has basically been allocated."

Jan Brown







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## Health

### Prisoners of their own bodies

By David Wenberger

She tells it as an amusing anecdote. It must have been 12 or 13 when I bludily blundered into the bathroom where my young cousin, a girl maybe two or three years old, was being bathed. I opened the door and there were all the dating guys standing around and I let out a yelp and said, "She doesn't have a tail! And one of the guys said, 'Didn't you know?' I didn't. But I already knew that someday I would be a girl." She laughs, although the discovery of the difference between girls and boys began a lifelong ordeal. This 38-year-old father of two is anatomically male. A former army staff officer and schoolteacher, she now lives and dresses as a woman, working an operation at Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry that will convert her male genitalia into a reasonable facsimile of a woman's. Her conviction and angst remain firm as the medical profession debates not only the causes and remedies of her problem, but also its definition. Even its name is argued, although most commonly it is known as *transsexualism*.

The topic inspires more sensationalism than understanding. Justice Anderson, director of the Foundation for the Advancement of Transsexuals, Transsexuals, complains that too many people still confuse it with transvestitism (the desire to dress in the opposite sex's clothes, without believing one is of the opposite sex) and homosexuality. Given public interest, the fervor was not surprising when in August a psychiatrist published a study purporting to show that sex-change operations are not worthwhile. The public since then has shown much less interest in the fact that the study has done little except add to the confusion about the estimated 30,000 to 60,000 people throughout the world who believe they were born with mismatched genitalia and psyches.

Dr. Jan K. Meyer, director of the

O'Connell and husband, Roger, confound, more accurately than understanding.

still confuse it with transvestitism (the desire to dress in the opposite sex's clothes, without believing one is of the opposite sex) and homosexuality. Given public interest, the fervor was not surprising when in August a psychiatrist published a study purporting to show that sex-change operations are not worthwhile. The public since then has shown much less interest in the fact that the study has done little except add to the confusion about the estimated 30,000 to 60,000 people throughout the world who believe they were born with mismatched genitalia and psyches.

Dr. Jan K. Meyer, director of the

Meyer and Stanner, confounding views, contradicting more often, confused roles.



Sexual Behaviors Classification Unit of the Johns Hopkins Medical Institution, made the study by attempting to follow up on patients Hopkins had treated as transsexuals. He located 50 O'Connors, 35 had undergone sex-change operations and 15 hadn't. He found, over-all, that both groups showed improvement in happiness and stability. The paper concludes that there is no objective advantage to having the surgery although "it remains subjectively satisfying."

Meyer argues, therefore, that the operation is radical and should not be performed. He thinks his findings put the burden of proof on those who advocate the operation, a viewpoint that has carried some weight at Hopkins in June, 1978, it quietly stopped doing the sex-change operations, after Meyer first presented his unpublished paper, to relatively little reaction, at a 1977 meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Toronto.

The study's dramatic conclusions have not slowed down other Gender Identity Clinics (GICs). Dr. Betty Stanner, head of the GIC at Toronto's Clarke Institute, thinks the study did not follow up on sufficient cases to be statistically significant. Dr. Dale Randall of the University of Calgary's clinic—the only other major GIC in Canada, compared to about a dozen in the U.S.—agrees. It is also contended that Meyer's comparison of the operated and unoperated groups may be misleading, since many

responsible GMC serves its patients, providing surgery only for those assessed as true, stable transsexuals. Meyer's opponents claim it is analogous to studying those who complain of appendicitis: both those operated on and those refused one disease further examinations showed they only had gas pains) get better, but it would be disingenuous to conclude that appendicitis really does no good. Meyer retorts that while there really is appendicitis there are no—or precious few—cases of true transsexualism. This depends on what is meant by the term. Steiner paraphrases the most widely accepted definition, that given by U.S. psychiatrist Robert Stoller: "the belief held by a biologically normal person that he is a member of the opposite sex."

Linda T. O'Connell, president of the North American Transsexual Society Inc., thinks transsexuals have a genetic basis to their problem. She hopes to convince the public that it is a strictly medical disorder like a birth defect or diabetes. The Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Transsexuals' James Anderson, on the other hand, agrees with the majority opinion that it is not a purely physical disease. The disagreement over the definition makes the transsexual's world even less well defined.

In add to the confusion and distress, the transsexual hoping for a haven in a traditional role now is discovering those roles are being redefined and critiqued. What does an anatomical male mean when he says, "I know I am a woman?" Says Steiner: "When I ask, they can't tell me. They have an image of themselves being swept away by a white knight and taken off to live in suburbia." She notes that the newer female-to-male transsexuals (at the Clarke the ratio is about 1 to 2) have an equally stereotyped vision of becoming supermachos men. Feminists and others hope to break the hold of those stereotypes. Kathryn Morgan, feminist and professor of philosophy at the University of Toronto, explains: "It's not that the feminists are after them, it's that the stereotypes are crumbling." The transsexuals' resistance (perhaps society's most obstinate belief) is a natural and profound difference between the sexes.

Despite the turmoil, more and more transsexuals are requesting an operation. The Clarke clinic, which has seen more than 370 people since starting in 1975, has a waiting list of 60, and in Calgary 70 await assessment by a clinic which can only handle 20. The transsexuals feel their fate is in the hands of experts who cannot agree about the cause, nature or treatment of their plight. "They're a mixed bag of people," says Steiner. "Very tragic. They just don't fit anywhere." ♦

## Environment



## Much too hot not to handle

By Wayne Clark

**W**hile the latest crisis is an age of chemicals, the 200-000 residents of Mississauga, Ontario, awaiting permission to return to their homes last month, a machine in a van was monitoring the nightmare. A highly praised Canadian invention called the TAGA 3000, it told scientists exactly how much deadly chlorine gas was leaking from the derailed and ruptured chlorine tanker. Coincidentally, the same machine that would finally give authorities the numbers that Canada's single-largest city could be safely reoccupied had been sitting in Mississauga before the explosive derailment. It was an unwelcome reminder of another ongoing battle against chemicals.

Only four days earlier, the Ontario government had hoped to use the TAGA 3000 in a test to prove that another deadly and related chemical—polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs—could be safely destroyed by incineration in a



TAGA 3000 monitoring device in van; deadly chemicals, unwelcome reminder

cement kiln at the St. Lawrence Cement Company in Mississauga. Although Ontario sits precariously on an estimated 95 per cent of the 20 million pounds of PCBs that now await disposal in Canada, Mississauga council voted the test and passed a bylaw prohibiting the incineration, now or in the future, even if it were proved safe. By the end of the year, the Ontario government hopes to go to court in an attempt to have the bylaw invalidated and, in the process, it hopes to prevent other communities from passing similar "no-in-one-backyard" bylaws.

Although in use since 1988, PCBs have marked the "file like no other chemical. Around the world the dangers of this thick, clear, toxic, unpleasant-smelling liquid have been documented in drifting dust, under oceans, in the atmosphere, in the food chain and ultimately in peo-

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# Banking on artificial blood

**F**or the doctors at the University of Minnesota Hospitals it was more than just another case of a life or death decision running headlong into a moral dilemma. The patient, a 65-year-old Jehovah's Witness, he admitted three weeks after surgery at the Minneapolis hospital, urgently needed treatment to boost the oxygen-carrying ability of his blood. But religious beliefs stood in the way of a life-saving blood transfusion. Only one option remained: An experimental artificial blood called Floxed—developed by a Japanese drug manufacturer and tested on about 50 people in that country—was available, though unlicensed by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA). Refrigerated vials of Floxed were flown on a 9,500-mile ferry mission from its manufacturer in Japan and last month doctors performed the first North American transfusion of artificial blood.

For the 65-year-old Jehovah's Witness, who two weeks later was steadily

Floxed goodness for Jehovah's Witnesses





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improving, Floxed could be a godsend. It could also be a life-saver for 600,000 North American members of the religious sect which opposes blood transfusions and an aid to battlefield surgeons, paramedics and blood banks caught in emergencies.

Appeals for money flights of the drug now are being launched throughout North America. One of eight turned down by the North American distributor, Alpha Therapeutics, in late November involved a 32-year-old Jehovah's Witness, a mother of three, in critical condition after the difficult birth of her third child at the Community Hospital in Clare Bay, Nova Scotia. Alpha President Thomas Dees said the 140-bed hospital lacked the sophisticated monitoring equipment needed to measure oxygen and Floxed content in the woman's blood. Two days later she was off the critical list. The company, which regards the drug as "strictly experimental," has turned down other requests when a transfusion wasn't a matter of life or death or when the patient had little hope of survival.

While the milky white serum will never replace real blood because it performs only the oxygen-carrying function of the red blood cells, in some ways Floxed may be superior to nature's own. With a shelf life of up to two years (red cells can be kept frozen for only 30 days), Floxed seems more resistant to carbon monoxide poisoning, compatible with any blood type and free of viruses such as hepatitis B which rarely, but sometimes fatally, survives both blood-bank screening and freezing temperatures and takes no recipients.

Floxed is a combination of chemicals called perfluorocarbons, similar to chlorofluorocarbons banned from use in aerosol cans because of their suspected effects on the earth's protective ozone layer. But, they remain a biological curiosity. Because of their oxygen-carrying properties, a mouse submerged in such chemicals will not drown. First to test the potential in human blood was Dr. Ryosuke Nara, chairman of Green Cross Corp. of Osaka, Japan, manufacturer of Floxed. The 78-year-old medical doctor and his research staff of 10 last February demonstrated their confidence in the artificial hemoglobin by having direct transfusions themselves.

Alpha Therapeutics, Green Cross's American subsidiary, plans to begin animal tests next month as a first step to FDA approval. Special approval for the Minneapolis transfusion was granted in a matter of hours by the FDA under agency policies allowing for humanitarian exceptions to its regulatory controls. But such exceptions are made only in rare life-threatening cases. Dr. Len Berro, who made the Green Bay appeal, said he could understand the rejection



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on the grounds that the company must build its case on hard data to win FDA approval for general use in Canada, special government permission is needed because the status of Floual is ambiguous. Government officials have yet to classify the artificial blood. It may be regarded as a drug or a "device to move oxygen—like a micro-oxygenator," says Dr. Pierre Blais, spokesman for the bureau of medical devices of Health and Welfare Canada.

If, or when, manufacturers go into mass production of Floual, the most obvious beneficiaries would be Red Cross societies battling annually in some locales to satisfy the demand for red blood cells. "But it could take a decade or more to perfect a truly safe artificial blood," says Canada's national Red Cross director, Dr. Roger Perrault, "and with Floual I'm not holding my breath." Japan is the only country where Floual is fully licensed—not yet for direct transfusion but only for injection into organs awaiting transplant.

The drug would also end battles by Jehovah's Witnesses against court orders forcing their children to submit to transfusions. Last year in Canada, 30 children were taken into custody by authorities so that blood could be transfused, says John Barros, a Witness minister and spokesman for Canada's 85,000 members. Refusal is based on a number of biblical texts including Acts, 15:28 "Abstain from blood" and Leviticus 17:11-12 "The soul of you shall not blood." Sustaining life by blood transfusions amounts to eating blood, according to the sect.

While refusals have perplexed some, they have also led to new surgical techniques. Surgeons at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto have performed 50 open-heart operations on Witnesses, without benefit of transfusions. Blood is reoxygenated instead of being sucked or pumped out and thrown away, explains surgeon Dr. James Yao. And soon artificial blood could provide that third option—to replace donated quantities of Jehovah's Witnesses, and an answer to a recurring medical dilemma.

Deane Frenkel

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pin. PCBs have been found to cause birth defects, nervous disorders, changes in liver function and cancer.

Scientists first began to discover the extreme toxicity of PCBs about 1960-67 while studying dioxin, a related chemical. At the time PCBs were being used in thousands of products, everything from washable wall coverings, upholstery and fluorescent lights to mining board covers, lipstick and the printing of color comics in newspapers. Some of these newspapers were carrying the first of the horror stories.



In 1968, fire at contaminated with PCBs was held for human consumption in western Japan. Thousands of people were poisoned, many died and for years the "rice-oil disease" caused miscarriages, stillbirths and births of babies pigmented brown. In 1971, a truck-train collision caused a 1,100-gallon spill in Oswego, Ontario, 58 miles northwest of Sudbury. It wasn't until four years later, when traces of PCBs were found in the water table, that CR-Ball, the company also involved in the Mississauga spill, was ordered to clean up the spill.

In 1976, one of Canada's largest spills, 1,500 gallons of PCBs, leaked from an electrical manufacturing plant in Regina but the public wasn't told about it for two years, long after the provincial government had passed over the spill area. That year, in June, PCBs were found in Regina's drinking water and testing began for PCBs in mothers' milk. And in November, 1979, Newfoundland reported its 10th spill within a month. The province has also reported PCBs in fish, fish-eating birds, seals and seaweed.

It wasn't until 1977 that production of PCBs was stopped. Except for their rare use in electrical transformers, they are

now all but banned, and by next spring a federal law is expected to be in effect prohibiting the importation of PCBs into Canada for any reason whatsoever. Also in effect will be restrictions prohibiting their use as new filling or makeup fluid in transformer maintenance and associated equipment.

The battle, however, is far from over. Canada tracks its PCB-contaminated liquid wastes to the United States, but the border will be effectively blocked in May, 1980, when the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency will close the

that the trans disaster at least put 30 messages on the map, doesn't want the city on the map as a dumping site. Because of this resistance, the province has looked at 17 other potential disposal sites but won't say exactly where because, as a spokesman for Environment Minister Harry Barrett told Maclean's, "I can tell you right now we'd sure as hell get the same reaction."

Ray-John Monahan of Environment Canada. "We've got the technology. It's all a local political problem at this stage. There's a job to be done and if we don't go ahead we'll encourage the midnight danger. It's pretty obvious that will happen." Mike Stodolnik, manager of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, which supports the Mississauga test burn, says the city's only legitimate worry is the potential for accidents in transporting wastes. "There's far more PCBs going down the sewers in Mississauga right now than would go up the stack in burning the entire quantity of PCB-contaminated wastes now sitting in Ontario."

There are a number of alternatives to incineration being developed in both Canada and the United States. The most recent breakthrough by Major Tom Barton and Guy Aronson was announced last month by the Royal Military College of Canada (RMC) in Kingston, Ontario. What started as research into means of destroying wastes aboard warships has led to a process that completely destroys toxic wastes such as PCBs. Through a plasma arc reactor which looks somewhat like a polished stove with a torch, temperatures of up to 50,000°C are used to cause PCB molecules to decompose instantaneously into atoms. The atoms then recombine into simple, nontoxic, gaseous products. All that remains is to prove conclusively that the small, contained volumes of product gases from destroyed PCBs are absolutely harmless.

But like most of the alternatives being developed, the RMC process requires at least six months to a year of further research before it can be marketed. Detailed tests must begin now, says Mike Stodolnik. "We have PCBs accumulated in old transformers and drums of every description sitting on pallets and pads all over the place and they're leaching their way out into the environment at an astonishing rate. And once that's happened, there's no way to avoid destruction." Once free in the environment, PCBs are persistent. Not only do they break down very slowly, they are bio-accumulative, increasing in concentration as they move up the food chain.

But Mississauga isn't holding. The community is still reeling from the fact that the two years of previous government tests were conducted secretly. Mayor Hazel McCallion, who has said

With files from Robert Pinkins

## Films

# Scenes from a separation



ROMANUS VS. KRAMER  
Directed by Robert Benton

"How you, Billy," Joanna Kramer (Merri Streep) tells her seven-year-old son (Jason Harvey) before walking out on him, and the marriage that ends her. When her husband, Ted, played by Dustin Hoffman, arrives home after landing his famous advertising account over, she tells him with the news: "I'm leaving." As the news flashes on his face as she's saying, "And I don't love you anymore." The father is forced into single parenthood, the mother writes Billy, a letter which reads, "And I will always love you." Sitting in the park, a downcast neighbor when Hoffman first accused as an accident, in the breakup and with whom he has now formed a fast friendship (Jane Alexander, in the movie's best performance) reminisces about the husband who left her with kids and loneliness. "Do you think of

Hoffman Streep (above), Harvey and TV actress Jane Alexander. Mull and left

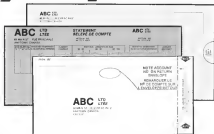
from a lot?" Hoffman asks her. "Only all the time." She replies with the greatest irony. In matters of love, the greatest irony is always the gentle ones.

Pursued by the high-powered demands of his job the father nearly cracks under the strain of leaving his son. Love is often, as it is here, a matter

of practicalities—making meals, going to the playground, walking Billy to school, usually just being there. When the mother returns to New York after "leaving herself" in California, she switches her son from after school, soccer, she sends him back. A better, handling, she custody battle ensues. On the stand, Hoffman pulls the only punch he has, explaining why he's fighting for his son. "It has to do with love." It's a tribute to the intelligence and complexity of Kramer vs. Kramer that during its emotionally grueling last scenes you don't know who you're rooting for. There's a great deal of talk about love in Kramer vs. Kramer, but it makes no sense, and it shows love to be what most of us see it as: painful, brutal, joyous, mysterious and unendable.

If there's a high-point sequence in this movie, written from Avery Corman's novel and directed by Robert Benton. (The Late Show, co-screen-

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winner of *Roscoe and Clyde*, it's in the father learning how to love his son. As time goes by their relationship becomes looser and physically closer, and the Matt-and-Jeff bachelorhood (TV dinners and Taly) reaches a comic apogee during a nighttime visitation to the bathroom. What's more, though it's the doubt a father would have over single parenthood. Imagine the kind of movie that could have been made if neither parent wanted the responsibility of the child, and yet were decent human beings all the same. He's almost too good, nearly smothering his career in the process. And when the marital battle begins, breaking the son becomes an obsession. Tangential to the "issue" he's embroiled in, we don't really discover that much more about Ted. Hoffman's work ranks with the best he has done, yet he's still stired in some of his masterpieces and the actor at work keeps intruding upon the character.

Maybe *Kramer vs. Kramer* is too intelligent (would that the smart fraction of movies made be that intelligent) for its own good. There's a calculation in it, and above its poignancy is too pat by half. You can see it in Hoffman's and Streep's performances (but not in Jane Alexander's or that of Justin Barry, who is as natural as most kids really are). Still, emotionally and intellectually *Kramer vs. Kramer* is too complicated to suffer just criticism. Scenes keep coming back from it, it's the kind of movie people will keep talking—and arguing—about for a long time. A fall in a playground becomes harrowing; the truth in the courtroom becomes heart-breaking; a man and a father in a darkened bedroom is an entire history book of resonances. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is about the best possible subject to which art or entertainment can address themselves: people trying to get along in life. **Lawrence O'Toole**

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## Brief Encounters

*The Pass*, Scarp and direction are female, but as the book-reading, loosely framed rock sits with a business sense of two (aka Jane Jodel), Jack Miller is terrific—hasse without vice. The photography captures the happy gambles of the 60s and the 70s, in spite of itself, catches the sound of a romance but that ring for early a decade.

*Paul Day* is 1968's documentary about his 52-year-old married cousin, Phil, and Phil's relationship with his parents, Pearl and Max. Phil don't always know the words, but he knows the melody! explains Pearl. The melody is of course what counts and it was what the life goes on about. Hugs all around.



## Books

# Bringing up baby on homegrown heroes

By Ann Johnston

In physical terms, the crowd forming in July Sarkis's Children's Book Store on Saturday morning was no more than a split away from the well-behaved group milling through Bluebird Lane, Toronto's toy shopping complex. But there's still closeness evident. Picking over dolls and leathers was the furthest thing from the minds of parents tramping, come-like us and down-streets, with babies slung on their backs or wiggling under their chins, toddlers dragging from arms stretched out like Billy Potty. They had come to see Margaret Laurence, not to point angry fingers at offending passages in *The Diviners* (a reaction from parents she's more than used to) but to have her sign Christmas copies of *Sin Day's Cove* and *The Golden Days Coast*, her two new books for children. Laurence, looking like an Eskimo legend come to life under mobles of pelt and furs, has added her considerable efforts to ever-growing shelves full of kids' CanLit.

As lively as 30 years ago, the only answer for awkward in this country was to save Jane of Green Gables and then settle down to a solid diet of imported idols—Tom Sawyer, Dr. March and assorted Buddha-boy teens. Now the visit at the Children's Book Store brings with it a new generation of classics, homegrown

heroes such as Bonnie McKillop's and Jacob Two-Two, Elliot Krentz and Nicholas Knock, planted firmly in the imagination of Canadian children. Prior to tonight, Canadian authors such as Ann Bladen, Kevin Major and Bar-



Laurence reading from *Sin Day's Cove* will be Elliott Krentz or Yusef Sawyer?

bara Stuckner are keeping tight company with Maurice Sendak, Judy Blume and Dr. Seuss. This fall season is as rich as a Christmas pudding, with a record 160 kid books, including new ones by Dennis Lee, Janet Lohm, Fatti Stein, Sarkis and Laurence.

Precipitating the date when the public profile of Canadian children's books changed from wallflower to fat cat is simple: 1874, the year of *Alphabet Pigeon* in its sixth printing, this ground-breaking kid's book by Owen's Lee, the high priest of nonsense, was a classic combination of good book and good promotion. It turned parents' heads away from *Winnie the Pooh* and they haven't wavered since. That was also the year Sarkis set up shop—much as little faith from publishers that they sent her stock out. Today, here is the largest children's bookstore in the world, and just one of 11 in Canada, all mini-megs for kids. To top it all off, there are five Canadian children's magazines, including the international success *Owl*, head up beside Sarkis's cash register.

Much of the credit for the new status of kids' lit in Canada must go to the new consumer, the educated middle class whose purse strings are being loosened by parenthood. Bringing up kids in service business these days, and publishers are playing to a captive audience. "My mainstay customer is the mother in her 30s with her first baby," says Sarkis. "She's waited a long time and she's decided to do it right. It's one of the reasons we've done so well—it's almost an underground movement." Many of these parents, worried that their kids will learn to spell Mark and Mandy before their own names, are looking to resist the constant effects of television. In response to this demand not only has the selection grown but the quality as well. Sarkis, who claims that two years ago she was forced to "lower my standards" when choosing a Canadian book, no longer has to do so, insisting that Janet Kimm's *The Twisted Dancing Princess*, illustrated by Laurie Gold, as an example. "I'll now only buy in Canada had over done a picture book with illustrations of this quality said a story that kids would like as well."

Considering the many marketing and production problems that plague children's publishers in this country, it is amazing that the industry has survived, let alone flourished. With Bantam publishing 3,000 titles a year and the United States releasing 2,500, the Canadian industry is still a poor country cousin, last year imports accounted for

50 per cent of children's books sold in Canada. "Publishers have never wanted to do children's books as much and never has the talent been so clear, but there are still some very nice, desperate problems," says Marilyn Day, editor of *Alphabet*, McKillop and Sarkis's new bi-monthly magazine and book. "Practicing for an impossibly small (if average) market, publishers are simply not able to raise their price tags high enough to offset the exorbitant price of printing and binding this full-color picture books. The maximum we get for a book you know is going to sell is \$6.00, but the internationally accepted adequate run for a full-color picture book is 20,000," says Penny Adams, president of the two-year-old children's books. Girambole's Book. "I don't think we can crack the picture-book market until we are able to manufacture well for a reasonable price and get into the international rights market." (At least if publishers are planning to attend the children's book fair in Bologna next spring, an excellent forum for rights' sales and finding co-publishers to share printing costs.) Other houses, such as Clarke, Irwin, are avoiding the headwinds of picture books, concentrating instead on juvenile novels.

## Kids' lit's own Fran Lebowitz

After a long day of patting his back, Fran Lebowitz was sitting in Toronto's Courtland Café, indulging in his daily habit of wine and cheese and sipping at the rest of the red table, who was making notes on a pad from the Beverly Hills Hotel. "How are you doing? A new? Silence. Are you from California? Again, silence. Finally, after his blue velvet apron skirt, she started into her mousses. Well, I really like your bathrobe." The man showed no more interest than laughing, dressed to sit at her table. Obviously Stern is a library on wheels, concerned with the conventional—like the quirky characters in her books. Child Krentz the characters who reads a hug and Stein, the author who lives in town with an art. At 50, with four books published and four more in the works—a juvenile novel, an adult novel and two picture books—Stern depicts autobiography. Personality, she winds. I feel like a cat.

Born in Brooklyn, Ontario, Stern claims to have led a very sheltered childhood in a city where neither art nor food had been heard. My mother drove us down to (door on Mulgrave) and an even more sheltered adolescence. I was chubby, I wore a grade and I ate Sens Len brownies every day after school, she says. "I had healthy hair." The only recognition she re-

With all the built-in problems it's the quality of entrepreneurial skill that makes or breaks publishers among the kids' book market. And then even success doesn't guarantee success, as Robert Nisbett, publisher of the best-selling Canadian Children's Annual, has discovered. Nisbett's glossy annual, usually sold at more than 40,000 copies a year, is not breaking even in its sixth year of so-called success. Like other publishers, he is frustrated by the constant resistance to Canadian children's books even though he is one of the lucky few whose product is stocked by the "Big Three" chain stores (Coles, Coady and W.H. Smith). "Nobody cares if it's Canadian or Lower Manhattan," says Nisbett. "I'm producing good-looking books that get bought but they catch it, I'm not making any money. I'm bringing

on by the skin of my teeth, trying to sell translation rights to survive." Like the shows, libraries—the mainstay of the children's book market in the U.S.—have been slow to support the new authors, even with the prodding of the Children's Book Centre, a government-funded organization established to promote Canadian children's books.

Only the most enterprising effort, a book crafted with the moiré of a corporate merger, such as *Grey's* DePree's *All About* (last review), is ending up a commercial success. Annette Knight, executive editor of *Owl* and publisher of *All About*, persuaded her book to subsidize the printing of her book. Cutting costs further by printing the British and French editions simultaneously, Knight published 40,000 copies in July, by November it was back for



Stern, "personally I feel like a cat."

Lebowitz, who is still a baby with a note Toronto artist Charles Pachter sent her in praise of a paper statue of Pouch she made of summer camp. I grew up in a good Jewish family that thought art was a hobby not an obsession, she explains. Besides, my parents were asked of the best element at school.

But after a period of studying to be a Montessori teacher and a stint in Israel working with adult children, Stern decided to seek the opinion of others, enrolling in the Ontario College of Art Two years later, with much encouragement she set off for New York to study at the School of Visual Arts under cartoonist R.O. Blechman and at Parsons School of Design with the dream of picture books. *Meinse Sexton*, "From Sexton I learned to say a lot without many words," says Stern. Her

first solo effort, *That Mr. was an incident, believe me, I've been going and it's second year on children's best-seller lists. After we introduced *That Mr.* the first of Stern's scientific magazine, "I got paid last year by the land trust contractor of Do the Conductor That Coward." With all that's been said, she added *That Mr.* and *That Mr.* and *That Mr.* this spring, and there is a *That Mr.* in My *That Mr.* (last month, see review).*

All the moment, Stern is busy with *Head Tribune*, an old and a kind of the dark, and *Motion Picture and Gardens* Gu. the story of a female wrestler. The novel she won't discuss, but she will admit that she's still a writer. I need a lot of love with my head in the air." "I'll be at a single night school, Stern is producing some of the best kid books in print. Her charming combination of Jewish schtick and urban wit has made her Fran Lebowitz of the short-story list. A.J.

Sarkis "most on underground movement"







# Two geese and a gaggle

By Alan Fotheringham

**T**he remarkable thing about the Liberal party, the structure dedicated to power and fueled by ambition, is that it enters the 1988 leadership race missing on more than a few cylinders and cracking in the rear end. In the 1960s free love everything there was a whole pack of men—Winters, Hellyer, Korman, MacBrien, Turner—who might have made a very acceptable prime minister if there hadn't been a chap in the contest called Trudeau. This

time round, the two leading candidates aren't even in Parliament and there is a whole gaggle of contenders who don't have a horse. Pierre Trudeau, after 31 years of leading a party that believed it is born to rule, left behind him a cupboard that is very bare. Here is the early firm chart:

**Don MacDonald** Heavyweight candidate. Wants portions for down Centre on the left wing of party. Now on the left wing of boardrooms. Favorite of the incumbent, a mixed blessing. Delegates anxious about the laying-on of hands. Not real Louder, but Winnipeg is March. No real base on the Prairies. Quebec bloc proving stubborn and not concerned. Looks like a featherbed-on-cushion but has mud (Ogden's Hall, Law School, Harvard, Cambridge) that smashes foils. Has put forced trigger on back burner. Charming wife, Ruth, has eyes that laser-beam reporters. Susceptible to Toronto-Bay Street handjags.

**John Turner** The candidate from CFB. Fretter eyes that Furrer Revett Fawcett, with dressreppings, may sink under the weight of them. Dangling former. Holds Guinness Book of World Records mark for most handshakes at one cocktail party. Also record for burning out beards in his basement newspaper machine. Slaps chest, letters waging at old colleagues not forgiven. Closely reassessed himself into being the "anti-establishment" candidate. This foremost thing since Marc Brodeur. Has been winning at 78 since John Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

short pants when met Mackenzie King's dog (Dog, for once, was silent). Has been surprised at amount of hostility in party. Susceptible to Toronto-Bay Street suspicions. (Suspected of being a Tory without a mountaineer.)

**Jean Ouellet** Most likely candidate. Looks like Jean-Paul Beliveau. Talks like a machete-woman. Can't win, but will be a Quebec linguist. Good friend of MacDonald's. Leaves prospect that the three key candidates are all ex-finance ministers. Demonstrates Canada's sense of humor. One of 18 chil-



down. Good bounding-house ranch. Charms anglophone audiences. They'll love it, but won't vote.

**Lloyd Austin** Hope of the West. Former Third Man. Theme: Solid social conservatism, a reformer before the party moved to Bay Street. Could use better platform sense of humor (in this case, it badly needed). Surprisingly, doesn't have French. Staking a claim for future.

**Regina Whelan** Will appear crowded with Jack Harris. Will be most orientating portion of contest. Will manage Turner's corporate conservatism, plus the language. Gannex board of steering round.

**Bryce Mackenzie** The candidate from Air Canada. Barry Pittsford's cousin with Tiger Williams. Self-proclaimed conscience of the party. Will enliven debate. Will fly 77.

**John Campagna** Only candidate better looking than John Turner, has only one handicap. Lacks seat, so to speak. Party discipline. Great platform per-



former. Pressured by feminists to run. Would not the race. We can only pray.

**Pierre de Bock** Probably most electoral candidate. Also most unknown outside Commons. Will attempt to keep Liberal party liberal, as must face these days. No Toronto directorship.

**Francis Fox** No chance. Rich-man ambition never matched by public performance. More a party man than a public man. Haven't made the psychic leap. Should study Clinton.

**Speaker James Duncan** Great piano player. Fluent in the three official languages (English, French, Inuktitut). Has asset in comes from Sudbury. Anyone who can survive Sudbury could survive leadership ordeal. Dark horse. Needs to organize spontaneous draft.

**Guskie Pagan** Looking behind him in search of a parade. Fine bakers with money. Only problem is to find someone who remembers an ex-premier of Nova Scotia. Or career. Will run on Maritimean-fractionation platform. Real aim is to stake out claim on Ottawa cabinet post.

**Monique Hegin** Will run if Campagna does not. Passionate. Good on how contest dominated by two men—My Irish Toronto who have easy access to campaign funds. Another real Liberal (from species these days).

**Simone Holt** Eugene Whelan crossed with Gene Kiniski. Promises she will run if Turner backs off. A platform containing Whelan, Mackenzie and Holt might levitate on oil of opinion.

**Kate Spence** Would be in if had taken offered Liberal seat. Must be pondering long wait until next time round. Would bring the rare metal of wit, an almost-banned substance in politics. Needs a spontaneous, arranged draft.

**Alan Macdonald** Only survivor, with Turner, from 1968 bloodbath. Will blooded financially, has little heart to commit perjury suicide again. However, would not be shy if seized by the lapels as last-minute compromise. Don't wait 77.

**Ed Scheper** Good idea, but other engagements.



*Friends and relatives are en route for the holidays. By sleigh, train, bus, or jet plane. Whichever way, and day, they arrive at your house we wish you an abundance of everything, including moderation, especially as you toast the season with*

**Smirnoff**  
*keeps you breathless*



A gift that reflects on the giver.

Carrington.



A whisky that's an  
outstanding reflection  
of quality.